MEN ONLY

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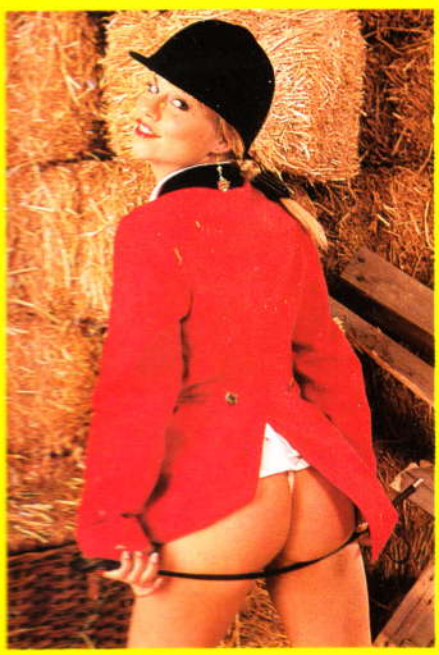
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ADRIENNE


GOTCHA


ASHLEY

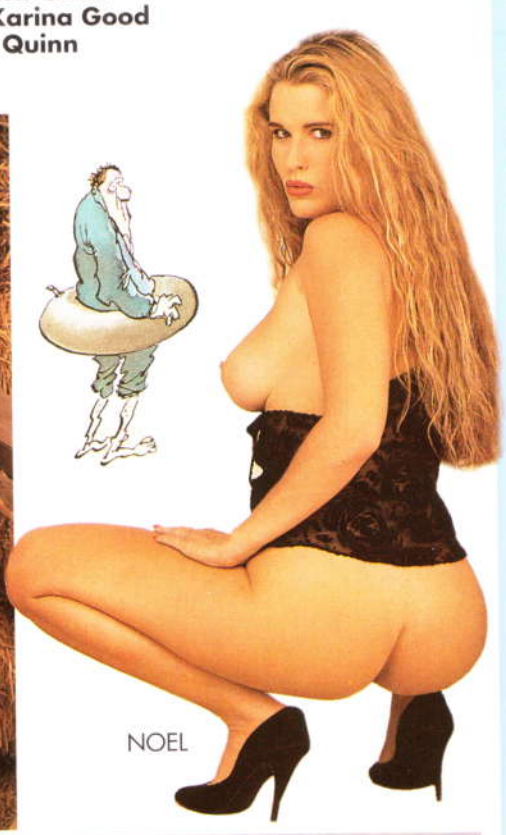

DIANA


CARLA


MELANIE

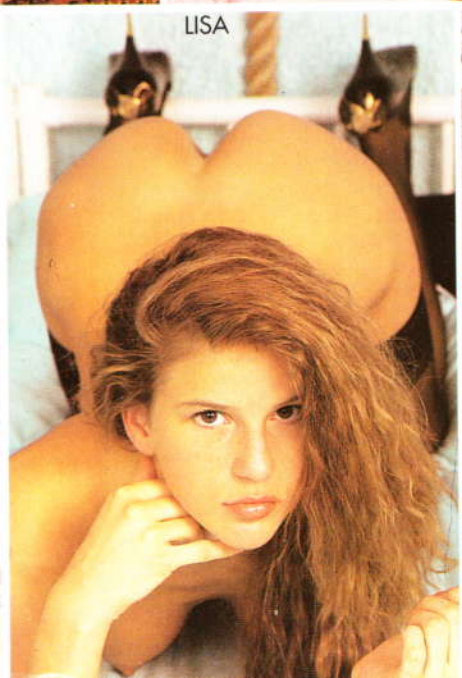
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This month: A Student comments on University life, the hard grind of constant study and how to make your grant stretch to a gallon of cider and three bottles of Drambuie a day . . .

Being as all the debauched yobs on the so-called staff of *Men Only* are celebrating Christmas in a disgusting orgy of seasonal shopping, downing a few quick drinks and skipping off home early to do filthy things with their girlfriends (like cleaning the washing machine filter) it's left to me, an innocent student trying to get a bit of work experience, to write the editorial.

And the first thing to say is that we students, the flower of the nation's youth, are starving and simply haven't got the money to buy books. I mean, it's bloody impossible to make your grant stretch to food and books after you've paid for basic essentials – like two gallons of cider and three bottles of Drambuie a day. (That's about it takes to make the average female student so pissed she'll screw any spotty erk, which is, after all, the whole point of going to University.)

I came to Kings to study advanced Soixante-neuf and three-way lesbian splits with butt plug (1992-1995) – what the Uni calls Economic History, but we all know what they mean, right?

In other words you've got to have lots of pussy for your course work.

And you spend a whole tutorial licking clit, another one with your face up her pussy and the rest of the night with your head up her, listening to Radio One on her CD as she goes for a First in Reverse Cliché Dearing with tuck.

Which is absolutely marvellous, intellectually speaking, and makes up for missing lectures all year – until she wakes up in the morning, with one hell of a hangover and accuses you of date rape.

I mean what a ridiculous idea.

I am a normal heterosexual, typical, spotty student. I've never had sex with a piece of fruit in my life and am definitely not in the slightest bit attracted to bloody dates!

OK, so I've fucked a few melons, when I'm desperate.

But dates don't turn me on. Horrid sticky things, I don't care how good a screw they are, you won't catch me shagging anything you can't get rid of without pulling your pubes out by the roots.

As for figs, no way. You're pissing pips for a week – which is not what the taxpayer sends us to University to do. In the words of Lenin: "If I wanted my money to be used getting teenage girls so drunk so they'd fuck anyone, I'd do it myself".

Post coc ergo propter cock, as we say at Kings.

blah!

Feeling rude, rampant or raunchy? Why not write and share it with the rest of us. Letters to: The Editor, Men Only, P.R. Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Taylor Made!

Sir: I have been buying your excellent magazine for four years now and I've been most impressed by the gorgeous models and the steamy 'My Confessions' part of *Men Only*. In Vol: 58, No:11 there's a superb array of beauties. I would love to shag Patsy and stroke those gorgeous, suckable breasts. And the fuckable (most) Shanine, with those long, tanned legs. I would love to lick Shanine's pussy and go into a sixty-nine.



'To the Publishers,
Dear sir . . .
I'm sorry but I'm suffering from writer's . . . er . . . erm . . . '

But I was most impressed with the fabulous Taylor (I'm stroking myself while writing this) who has a 'real' woman's body. How I would love to shag her on that bed with myself on top, driving my thick cock deep into her, then pushing her legs up for deeper effect. And while fucking her mercilessly I am sucking her gorgeous orbs which turns Taylor on even more. She digs her long, red-nailed fingers into my bum, urging me on further and intensifying the 'servicing' effect and then exploding in her. Taylor is so beautiful I could fuck her all night. I just had to release this fantasy and hope that Taylor could make a comment on it. Still, I hope *Men Only* continues to churn out such stimulating beauties.

(M.G., Slough.)

We tried to ring Taylor in Hollywood to get her comment, but unfortunately she was busy working on her

blah!

latest epic pornostravaganza and couldn't come to the phone. And, besides, she reckons it's rude to talk with your mouth full . . .

Bulging Mass Dilemma!

Sir: Firstly I would like to say how my dick shot up when I saw that seductive model on the front cover of Men Only Vol: 58, No:11. I was standing in the newsagent at the time and trying to hide the bulging mass coming out of my trousers from the smiling check-out girl. When I finally arrived home I searched around for a while and I could not find the cover girl. I am asking you to publish more of these mega turn-on photos, with the same horny costume. This would make me and millions of others very happy.

As I'm here I'll tell you what turns me on. Do you remember Emma with the lovely hairy pussy from Vol: 58, No: 9? Well, I think we should see more of these black haired beauties with their sexy pussies.

(M.C., Canterbury.)

Well, M.C. old chap, what we have here is clearly a case of a fellow not getting his MO regular, because had you been sharp enough to have picked up Vol: 58, No: 8 you would have found Shelley, our aforementioned cover star disporting herself in all her freckle-bummed wonder. Says a lot for regularising your input, eh? – Ed.



'Could the Prime Minister tell us who won the FA Cup in 1948?'

Bonking Barbecue

I am a housewife from Leicestershire and even though I have two young children, my husband and I lead an excellent 'no holds barred' sex life. Recently we had a barbecue for my hubby and his friends while our kids were away. It turned into quite an orgy, I can tell you!

continued on page 16

WORLD OF NOOKIE

knox foxed

Twottie-ho! MO's pixilated prince of pudenda discovers the thrill of the hunt – or rather, of shagging saucy saboteurs in dingy ditches (the sheer *class* of the man!).

Devoted readers will know by now that I am not a lover of that green bit that joins our cities together, and which – considering how many stupid cunts live in it – is appropriately called "the country."

GROSS NUDITY

Only last week I was sitting in my armchair with a triple Bombay Sapphire gin, watching the racing from Kempton Park. Fiona Morty-Vicker was kneeling naked between my legs, sucking my reddened knob as if she were worried about coming last in the A11-EC Poloony Swallowing Trials.

She's a lovely girl, Fiona, quite lovely, and like all upper-crust crumpet she has the sexual instincts of three packs of beagle bitches on heat. She has masses of blonde curly hair, the face of an angel having an orgasm, and enormous rounded melons with nipples the size of salad plates. As she sucked me, she systematically squeezed my balls in a way that was indescribably erotic, rather like having them gently massaged from the *inside*.

POUTING LIPS

I watched the end of the 3.45 (won, incidentally, by Gluemaker's Pleasure, at 20-1, and earning me enough dosh to buy myself a tankful of petrol for the Bentley, seven bottles of Dom Perigon and a video of *Cabinet Minister's Wives In The Nude* from the horror section at my local WH Smith). Then I decided to climax into Fiona's face, my rigid cock spurting globs of warm white sperm all over her lovely face, eyelashes and pouting lips.

She loved it when I did that, and luxuriously massaged sperm into her cheeks, neck and breasts. She told me that her mother Lady Morty-Vicker had sworn by the rejuvenating properties of spunk, and had insisted that her butler beat his bully-beef baton over her upturned face five times a day. She still looked 35 when all her friends were 70, and still looked no more than 40 when she died of old age. The poor butler looked about 300.

JUICY DEPTHS

I took a large swallow of cold gin, and then I beckoned Fiona to climb up onto the arms of my chair, so that her plump and glistening cunt was within easy reach of my mouth. I licked her smooth outer lips, then parted the inner lips with my tongue-tip, teasing her little clit so it got hard, and then slid my ridged tongue deep into the juicy depths of her vagina. It was better than eating half-a-dozen No: 2 natives.

Fiona panted and gasped, and as she neared orgasm I took an ice-cube out of my gin, and gently pushed it over her erect nipples. That set her off like Michael Winner being given a restaurant table next to the toilets – in other words, screaming her head off.

This went on for a bit so I told her to pipe down because it was nearly time for the 4.00 race. She said, "I don't know why you watch racing. *Those* aren't horses, those skinny bags of nerves. You should have a go at hunting."

"Actually, the only blood sport I've ever taken part in is Tampax conkers," I admitted rather sheepishly.

"Then you must hunt with us!" Fiona insisted.

BULGING GLOBES

And so saying, she pulled on her tight white-ribbed sweater, under which her breasts bulged like two smuggled school globes, and a tiny blue micro-mini skirt – and she never wore panties, so that every time she crossed her legs you got a free rerun of the only bit of *Basic Instinct* that was worth watching.



NIP-KNICK HOORAY!

The Japanese are nuts about knickers. You can keep your B&D-gerbilling-watersport-enema videos, all it takes to bring a grin to the face of a hard-working Nipponese executive is a quick peek up the skirt of an attractive girlie to see whether her Sushi's being served pre-packed or buffet-style.

So it's hardly any surprise to hear that their latest devious device is a nifty little gadget that enables bosses to check on the state of their secretary's smalls without all the hassle of staring up girls' skirts. Using ultrasonic rays, the 'Looky-Looky' machine emits a beam of ions which scrutinise female bottom-parts to assess various weights of fabric. A microchip analyses the info and – piesto hey! – the question, knickers or not? is answered.

The 'Looky-Looky' was developed during trials to create a remote-control VCR-repairer, but this was forgotten when the scientists accidentally pointed it at their comely assistant, Ms Ibetcha Sheelbonkyu, and made

So it was that we bowled down to the West Country the following weekend to join the Haughsdych Hunt.

ANCIENT HUNTS

At the crack of dawn (but not before I had once again sampled the crack of Fiona), we rolled up to Eyness Hall (don't ask me how to pronounce Eyeness, but suffice



t to say that it had been in the Arstle family for hundreds of years, and was known as one of the most magnificent Georgian piles in the country).

Through the early-morning fog I could see wall-to-wall Range Rovers, and crowds of women in Barbour jackets, Hermes headscarves, and enough green wellies to kit out the Dublin sewage inspectorate for the next two centuries. Fiona led me across to meet Sir Ronald Barkworse-bight, the master of

some startling discoveries regarding not only her knickerless state but also the vibrating love-eggs that were the reason behind her constant smiling face. Subsequent trials in downtown Osaka led to several arrests and an unseemly orgy in a karaoke club after which the machine's creator, Mr Chiki Olbugga, announced full-scale production by the end of '94.

"Lest assured this device rill change office life as we know it!" Mr Olbugga declared. " No more flustiation! Your parts rill be consumed by *rust*!!!" Surely he meant 'lust'? Mr Olbugga replied he did not, but that he was seeking medical advice.



the Hunt, who was a huge mustachioed man on a huge mustachioed horse.

"Glad you could join us, Knox old man!" he bellowed at me. "Been putting one up young Fi-fi, have you? Splendid chap, splendid!"

ARSTLE'S HOLE

There are two things that you don't realize about horses until you stand close enough for them to bite your toupee off, and that is (a) that they are fucking big and (b) that the smell of their breath is worse that the smell that gets trapped under John Major's BhS duvet after a vegetable biriyani and two spicy poppadoms at the Star of Bongo-Bongo Land.

I was introduced to the Arstles, and I must say that it

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT PAINES

CHELSEA

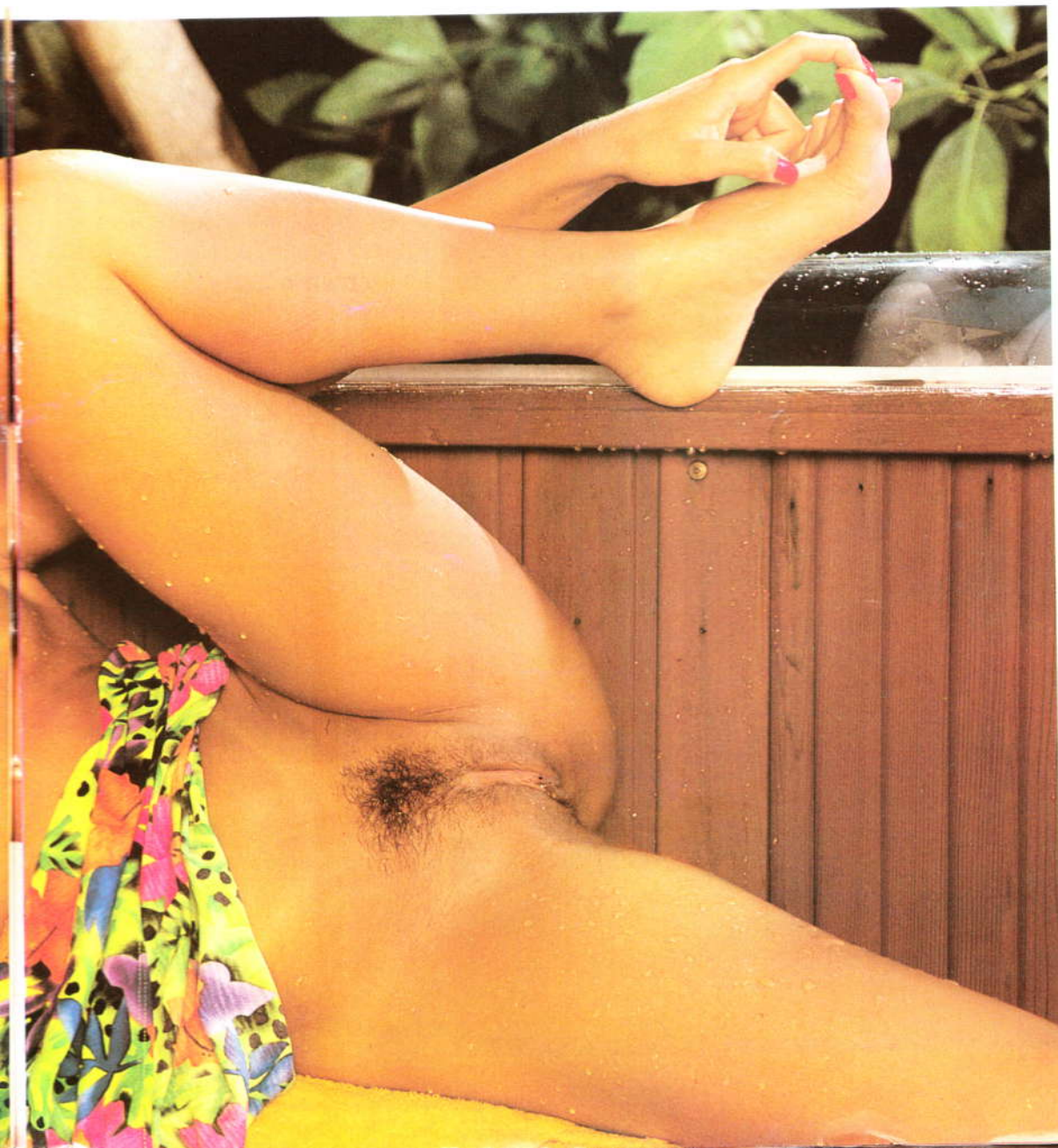












Chelsea doesn't know where her Spanish blood came from, but we know exactly where it went. To her head! A fiery temperament is the polite name for it. She's beautiful, she's jealous and she's a handful. In fact she's a double handful. Having a deep meaningful relationship with Chelsea is a nice idea, in theory, but unless you're fit, athletic and have very strong nerves you're better off just looking at her.

We know, we have seen the wreck of the photographer she really fancies. Poor bugger. Took one look at him and dragged him down the pub – in a dustbin liner.

He said something about her bottom and she took it the wrong way (some of us like a wobbly bottom, right?). So she flung his briefcase on the tube line right under the Kennington (via Charing Cross) flyer, which spread 25,000 rude transparencies, eleven 'hot Swedish' videos, three pairs of lightly soiled underpants and a penis enlarger 200 yards down the track.

They moved in together but every time a model rang up she set light to one of his £250 silk shirts, towards the end she was on 20 a day.

He tells you all this and he just laughs. Rather weakly, but he still laughs. We suggest that Chelsea must be something rather special in bed to make up for all this agro.

And he just whimpers.

Nothing for it, when a man gets into this condition but to shovel him into a sack and carry him to the nearest source of double Jamesons (37D-24-37). [illegible]

continued from page 5

felt like one myself in my rented hunting togs. I looked like an SS Officer trying to disguise himself as a Butlin's redcoat. Lord Arstle said, "Should be a cracking day, Knox, but watch out for saboteurs. These days a chap can't even tear a few foxes apart with out some sentimental bugger whingeing about it. Whole bloody world's gorn soft. Time was I used to drink a bottle of Napoleon brandy, shag three women, hunt down six foxes and bite their heads off, eat three rare steaks, have a good crap and all before half-past nine in the morning. Can't do much of that these day's."

"Why not?" I asked, politely.



'When she has an orgasm, the whole street has to know about it!'

"Constipated," he replied. "Can't have a crap 'til ten."

EDWINA BIRIYANI

At last Fiona introduced me to my horse. She had promised it would be small and docile, but when the groom brought it across the yard it looked more like a Diabolo the Devil-Horse. It was as black as the inside of Tina Turner's minge, and I swear that it's eyes were redder than Dogmeat Prendergast's, the night that he washed seven Cornish pasties down with two pints of green Chartreuse. Its hooves struck sparks off the cobbles, and there was more steam blowing out it's nostrils than Edwina Currie when she got locked in the Golders Green Sitzbad.

The groom was a spotty chap called Dick. Before I could say "I think I'll take the Bentley instead," he had hoicked me up into Diabolo's saddle, and there I was, 98 feet above ground level, sitting on the back of two restless tons of French hamburger meat. Fiona climbed aboard an equally huge grey.

Spotted Dick passed us two steaming stirrup cups of something hot and highly alcoholic which tasted like boiled Owbridge's.



THUNDERING FARTS

We were surrounded by yapping hounds, somebody blew a horn, somebody else blew a fart and we were thundering away from Eyeness Hall at full gallop, shouting "view halloooooo!" and "Five-star Burt is nothing but a squirt!" and "What do points make? Prizes!" At least it sounded like that. I was too terrified to hear anything clearly.

We pelted across a field. Fiona was close to me, her huge breasts bouncing up and down under her tightly-tailored hunting-jacket. "Oh God, this is exciting!" she panted. "I think I'm going to come before the first jump!"

She lashed her mount harder and harder. Her face was flushed with arousal and she looked as if she were just about to have a climax at any second. I was so busy looking at her that I failed to notice a large hedge approaching me at about 35 mph from a frontward direction.

FLYING FLANGE

And the next thing I knew Diabolo had screeched to an emergency stop on all four Michelin X's and I was undertaking a manoeuvre known in RAF circles as flying.

Fiona was so engrossed in her orgasm that she didn't notice me whistling past.

I found myself upside-down in a deep ditch, being inspected at close quarters by a pretty young brunette in a cream cable knit sweater, which did nothing to disguise the fact that she had even huger knockers than Fiona. Apart from her sweater she wore nothing but very tight

dial 'O' for orgasm

by tony husband



black leggings and dear little pixie bootees.

"You're disgusting," she said. "You're worse than an animal. You hunt to kill."

"Ah," I said, still upside-down. "You must one of those saboteurs."

"I'm trying to be," she told me. "I hate snooty barbaric rich folk. The trouble is, I really hate all the scruffy vegetarian animal activists, too."

"Well, me too," I told her. I took out my brandy-flask and offered her a snort.

Before long, we were chatting together in the ditch like old friends. I gave her a kiss in appreciation of her principles. She gave me a kiss in appreciation of my having fallen off my horse. I squeezed her breasts through her sweater. She squeezed my immense cock through my rented riding-breeches.

STEAMING MINGE

Cold and foggy though it was, she peeled off her clingy leggings and revealed a bare, and brown-haired minge.



Her pink lips were so hot and juicy that they steamed in the morning air. She got herself astride me while I opened my fly and puled out my pole. She held on to it and guided it into her slit.

It was ecstasy with a capital 'F'. She rode up and down on top of me, massaging my cock with endlessly-rippling contractions of her cunt. Before I could say "Sabotage for ever!" I had pumped several gallons of hot sperm onto her deepest depths, and she shivered in delight, not to mention cold.

At that moment, I heard the snorting of a horse, and the snorting of Fiona Morty-Vicker, too. She had realized at last that I was missing, and come back to find out what I was up to. She jumped down from the saddle and stalked toward us. "Are you hurt?" she asked me.

"Now," says I.

Fiona turned to the young brunette, who was sitting back wide-eyed in the grass with her legs wide apart and sperm dripping from her open minge.

"The cheek!" Fiona snapped. "That's mine!" And without any hesitation she plunged her face between the girl's thighs, and smothered her face with come.

"You can bugger orf now," Fiona told her, sticky-faced. "You might be able to take my fox away from me, but you just try taking my fucks!"

I made my excuses and left.

Ed Knox

YOU DON'T GET MANY OF THEM TO THE POUND!!!



Looking for that something a 'little bit bigger'? Well, here's just the publication for you! Infeasibly large amazons investigated by our dieting co-respondent SLIM FASTPLAN . . .

We've brought you sexual gymnastics tables, obscure sexual practices of the world and now MO brings you, just for a change, something a teensy bit *weird* . . .

Hailing from that Land of Largeness, the USA, *Giantess!* magazine has to be the most oddball curio ever to land with a resounding THWACK! on the editorial desk. According to the press blurb, this is the publication for 'those who love to fantasise about giant women', a condition termed as "giantessophilia".

Now, if when you think of large women your thoughts fondly turn to such delectable beauties as our former agony auntie Ms Daphne Hugeglands, think again. What *Giantess!* editor, Ed Lundt, terms a big woman is more in keeping with the lass in the classic 50s sci-fi schlocker *Attack Of The 50 Foot Woman.* Yep, so big she'd, erm, squash the living daylights out of you.

Takes all sorts to make a world, we guess and Lundt claims to have customers in Australia and Japan (well, they've already got Godzilla . . .) and now he's seeking to broaden his readership, claiming that many men are 'giantessophiles' without even knowing it. To discover if you are, he says, simply look for these three signs:

- ***You think Brigitte Nielsen is "waaay too short!"***
- ***You hold up traffic gawking at huge women on billboards.***
- ***Your idea of the perfect female proportions: the Statue of Liberty.***

If this is you, then you might fancy getting in touch with ol 'Big' Ed at E.L. Publications, Suite 138-x, 306 Nassau Road, Roosevelt, NY 11575 USA for further details.











PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND







ADRIENNE













Adrianne is a fiery tempered Irish girl from Liverpool with very strong ideas about what she wants you to think about her while you're looking at the pictures. She insists on no-nonsense, no jokes, nothing about what she does or where she lives. She wants us to tell you what she says you want to know.

"I've watched men looking at pictures of naked girls when they've not known I'm watching", she says, "and I've seen the pleasure they get for themselves and the way they look at that girl. Almost to worship her.

"And I don't want you to say anything that takes those loving eyes off my body. I want them to think of me lying here, with my pussy wet and not able to take my fingers off my pussy when I'm naked here and that excited.

"I wish they could see me rubbing my nipples and getting my fingers sticky for them. I'd like to give them everything they always wanted a dirty girl to give them.

"I'd like those lovely guys to know what I'm thinking about as I lie here . . . And it's going down on my hands and knees, pushing my bum up in the air and having every one of them take me from behind, long and slow.

"I'd take them all, if I could. And I reckon that's more important to know than my bra size!" (35D-24-36).













blah!

continued from page 4

It was late and they were playing cards while I played the hostess. As the evening started to get stale, someone suggested a game of Truth or Dare, which was just what the evening needed, especially as I seemed to become the playing piece when one of the guys dared my husband to strip me of my top and suck my tits in front of them. My husband loves having sex in front of people so he didn't hesitate one little bit!

I could see that some of the blokes were getting turned on. A couple had already begun to rub their cocks beneath their trousers. I could feel my pussy begin to moisten at the sight of it all. My husband had begun to stiffen as he licked and teased my tightening nipples.

Then it was my husband's turn to ask truth or dare. He was directing it to me. I asked for truth, but when I couldn't answer the question I had to do whatever he told me to do. I was to suck the bloke's dick beside me until he was just about to come and then move to the next bloke. I was to carry on until I got back to my husband's prick.

I was rather reluctant at first until I felt the pulsating swell of the first cock penetrate my half-open lips and nudge against my hungry tongue. I could feel my husband's strong hand softly caressing my bum as my head was being passionately guided onto my lover's tool. It took quite a while to complete this circle of five, each needing less and less to topple over the edge already achieved from watching my head on each previous member.

My husband almost came the instant I rapped my warm breath over his jilting jewel.

Then it was the next bloke's turn to ask the question. He dared my husband to spread my sopping wet pussy so one of the other blokes could lick it. I didn't think he'd do it, but he eased me back and removed my shorts and panties, leaving me with just my socks and shoes on. He opened my legs wide as he whispered in my ear: 'Enjoy it. Cream on his face.' Now that really got me feeling randy! He then spread my swollen lips and as the other bloke was lapping up my sweet juice I could hear my husband's voice over my own saying 'feels good, doesn't it? I knew you'd like this.' I began to shiver all over from the intensity of it. But I needed more, I needed to get fucked.

I looked up at my husband's face and I could tell he liked what he saw. "Fuck me, please fuck me," I begged. "I need to feel a hard cock pumping deeply in and out of my cunt. Please fuck me!"

"I'll do even better than," he

continued on page 22



FROM OUR OWN CO-RESPONDENT

french undressing

If the only French you know is *soixante-neuf*, then obviously you need to read this before you make your booking for Le Chunnel . . .

The British love to fantasise about the French woman. She is, we long ago decided, beautiful, sexy, incredibly sophisticated, wonderfully dressed and utterly dignified.

That's the theory, but the true story going around the Paris bars at the moment is about the DJ's girlfriend who went to the doctor with a rash and was told she had crabs – of the sort usually specific to our canine companions.

Nothing at all very dignified in that!

Spend any time at all in France and you will quickly discover that the vast majority of French women have more in common with the Fat Slags than Madame Bouverie,

They are vulgar and badly dressed, tie-dye their hair and are mostly so drenched in cheap scent that dropping any one of them on Iraq would be contrary to the UN convention on chemical warfare.

PEASANTS REVOLT

In short, the typical French girl is a peasant. In Paris you may meet the sophisticated ma'mselle of your dreams, but I doubt it. She's a crashing snob and needs a signed reference from two Swiss bankers before she'll condescend to speak to you. And then it's only to ask you if you'd mind standing further off and stop breathing her air.

This is an antiquated country in many ways. Lorded over by a skint aristocracy, run for the rich and peopled mainly by peasants, the French still pretend to be *liberté equalité and fraternité*.

They also pretend to be great cooks, great lovers and very sophisticated, although, (in Paris anyway) every second family lives on McDonalds, every third man suffers from the prems and they piss anywhere! Maybe the *liberté* we hear so much about is the freedom to pee up a lamppost or failing that, up the leg of a passing stranger.

NO BEAUTY

It's a sad fact, but French women are not generally beautiful. From the North, where you have the big-boned horsey-faced blondes, through Paris with it's amazingly display of roman noses, to the bushy arm-hair and coarse features of the small dark Southern lady, they are rather ordinary. You'll find more real beauty in Bingley than in the whole of Marseilles.

But they *seem* beautiful. I'm not sure why exactly, but I think it's something to do with their down to earth attitude to sex. From an early age French girls know what it is, how to work it and exactly how important it is. They neither over nor underrate it

What's more, they love men and accept them as they are. They delight in leading you on, flirting outrageously and then pretending to be shocked when you take them up on it. French women really enjoy inspiring lust.

British women always feel at a disadvantage when competing with a French woman for male attention. And they're quite right to. Every flutter of her eyelids, curve of her lips and movement of her body shows that the French girl is at ease with sex and enjoys the absurdities of men.



EAU DE ODOUR

French girls are not in the least bit ashamed of themselves, They're not afraid of their bodies, body hair, body odours or natural functions.

The bidet is much used in France, I fear, because the shower is not.

"Your Parisienne Princess looks wonderful on the surface", says a friend who has those references from

TOOTSIE FROOTIE!

It's the kink that won't go away! Following on from *The Lovers' Guide, Better Sex Part 285* etc. comes a new 'sex education' tape devoted to foot-based fun. Entitled *Curvy Cuticles*, this tape is a detailed guide to pleasuring that most remote of naughty bits, including . . .



• *NIBBLING* – light nipping vs savage chomping examined!
• *SUCKING ETIQUETTE* – should one ask or just chow down regardless?
• *TOE JAM* – unseemly clumps of goo or sensualist's smorgasbord?
• *FOOT & MOUTH* – are Odour-Eaters effective protection?

With an introduction by David Mellor and featuring A. Doctor talking in a Very Serious Voice, *Curvy Cuticles* should tell you all you never actually wanted to know about the digitally-directed sex-craze that's sweeping the nation! Price £29.99 plus free gift! (one sachet of Mycil) from branches of Dolcis, Freeman Hardy Willis etc.

Swiss bankers, "but I shudder to think of the state of her underwear."

It's an odiferous culture, the French. All those hairy armpits reeking pheremones, the tangy scent of urine everywhere, the fumes of the Gaulloise and the undertone of garlic that flavours every bodily secretion.

Cunnilingus here is fit for a true gourmet!

It's quite a culture shock to the frighteningly clean and de-odourised Americans, Germans and the type of Briton who prefers his pussy to taste of Twinkle-Twat intimate body spray.

MR FROG

The French woman is very broad-minded and tolerant of the male, and she needs to be. She's lumbered with French men. And we all know what they're like: squat, swarthy little buggers in striped T-shirts and berets who always carry their own onions with them when cycling.

But it has to be said that the Frenchman worships women. He too loves them as they are, every hairy sweaty inch of them. It's not just the poets like Rimbaud who wax lyrical about his mistresses dirty hair. I know Frenchmen who get ecstatic about the sweat rings on a woman's blouse.

Mr Frog spends his life making love to women and making himself look good for them. There's method in his madness. He makes his women feel good, secure and confident, which means his wife will put up with the mistresses her husband will undoubtedly have after the first few years of marriage.

But, by that time, she's at it too. No woman in Europe feels less embarrassed about

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PHOTOGRAAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

ASHLEY















Ashley is doing a degree in political science and it's a little off-putting to meet her straight out of a lecture because she power dresses in an executive suit, has her hair bunched up tight at the back of her neck and looks very awesome indeed.

And she talks pretty awesome stuff. About demographics and swings to right, when the only swing your interested in is taking place under her jacket and seems to go pretty evenly to the right and left.

It's weird talking to a woman about politics when you know you're going to watch her undressing and posing for you in half an hour's time. Undressing her with your eyes and trying to make intelligent comments about Maggie Thatcher's Memoirs (which is hard enough any way) is not easy.

Especially when she's dressed a bit like the said Ma Thatch.

But once she's at home, in her fluffy bedroom, sorting through her frilly undies trying to find the bits that will look best in pictures, everything changes . . .













She takes off her suit and sensible pants and becomes an entirely sensuous woman. She makes herself up beautifully, lies down on the massage couch and has her boyfriend gently rub the pressure marks out of her breasts, buttocks and hips.
And then she's all ours.
And she gives us everything. Although she can't resist a little joke about the politics of her pussy – to relieve the tension that she's feeling, I guess.
"It's a little bit pink", she murmurs, and shows us (35C-22-37).

blah!

continued from page 16

said as he moved to lay on his back. "Climb aboard!"

I almost came the second his cock slid its fullness into my hole. Then he pulled my body down to his and instructed one of the more well-endowed blokes to wank over my bum. It quickly became one of the best fuckings I'd ever had.

Then the bloke behind me pulled me upright so the others wouldn't be left out. Two blokes who had been sucking on my fleshy mounds began to shake and quiver. My husband rolled me over onto my back and one of the two blokes mounted me military-style and began thrusting harder and harder inside my fanny. The other straddled my face, guiding his desperate cock into my eager mouth. I could hardly make a sound because of the size of that cock filling my throat, but I managed to mumble to my husband that he should lick my nipples just as my mouth was again filled with hot spunk. It tasted so good that I swallowed every last drop and still licked my lips for any stray drippings.

With the intense pumping more blokes started working on my breasts and as their pleasure intensified they both began to stroke their long thicknesses. Can you imagine it? Three blokes all wanking off because of me! The last bloke was also standing in front of me straddling my husband's body. He could only get the head of his dick into my mouth because of the darting heads attached to my tits, but it was enough to get both me and him incredibly turned on!

After about five minutes he came in my mouth. The sticky, sweet goo was just what I needed and I began to feel those orgasmic earthquakes rumble through my body, one after another.

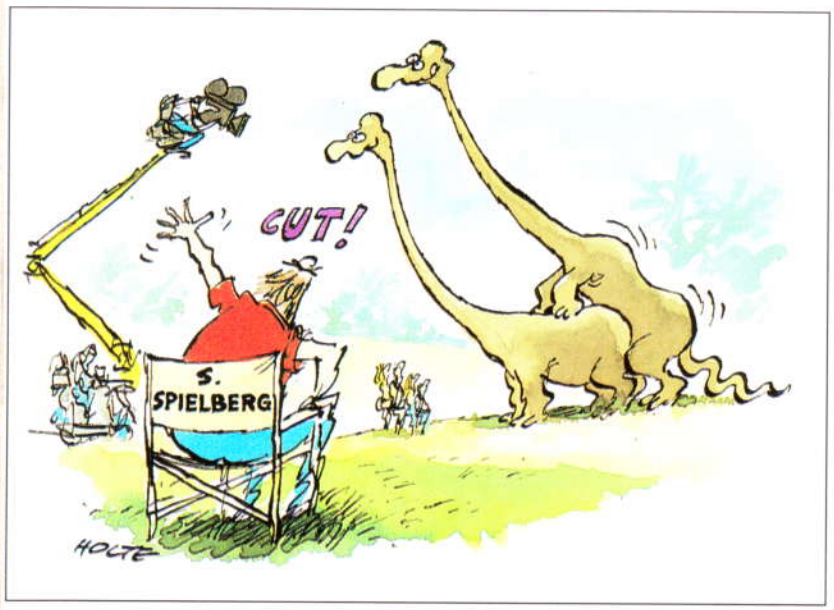
At the very same time I heard my husband's voice groaning. 'Oh yes, fuck yes!' he cried and then almost simultaneously I heard the bloke behind me screaming 'I'm going to come!' I got two loads of spunk, one deep inside of me and one all over my cheeks. My insides were on fire and I almost lost consciousness, such was the power of my own orgasm!

As I began to regain a little bit of composure the two that was going on between my thighs, I found myself about to orgasm again. I was suddenly distracted as I felt my husband's warm breath moving away from my body. I opened my eyes to see him wanking off with a pleading look in his eye. He was as hard as a rock and my mouth began to water for that erect penis of his.

Then my attention was drawn back to the fella fucking me as he grabbed my waist violently and slammed himself deep within my smouldering depths. I moaned in orgasmic pleasure as I felt his love muscle flexing repeatedly as it pumped his burning seed deep inside me.

As he collapsed away from my body I could feel tons of spunk oozing from my pussy and running down my bumcheeks. I looked around to admire all the naked men lying around me when my view became obstructed by my husband. He straddled my body, placing his aching cock between my tits and squeezing them as tightly together as he could. He

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having an affaire than the French. It is quite respectable to be a mistress, it's not absolute ruin to be a prostitute. It is all, when it co mes down to it, only sex.

Sex is not that important here. What is important is keeping a marriage together.

LE POOF CELEBRE

Sex may be natural to the French, but in recent years the natural seems to be becoming more and more unnatural. And it's not just the strange goings on between DJ's and dogs.

Weird sex is so prevalent it's almost normal.

As with most countries in the world, people are doing a great deal more wanking and a lot less poking than they were a few years ago. The reason being fear of AIDS.

AIDS is far more prevalent in France than in Britain, something my French friends put down to the dodgy bisexual doings of the French bourgeoisie. From time immemorial the British have written Frenchmen off as a bunch of poofy benders, and maybe they were right.

Certainly, a lot of transvestite prostitutes caper in the woods around Paris and you can be picked up by male prostitutes in any big City – just on the strength of wearing a pair of shorts and carrying a bag.

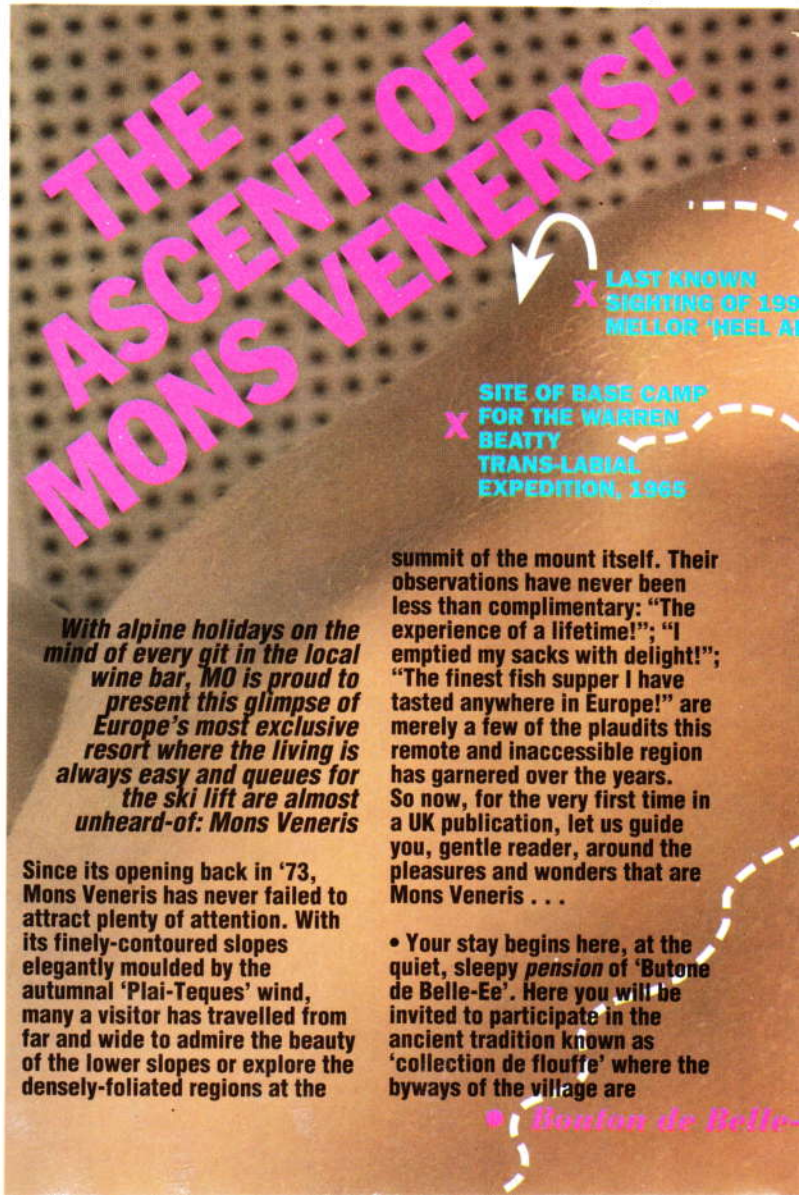
So the sexy Mr Frog that every British woman dreams of has, from time to time, been engaging in *le speedway chocolat* on the side with terrible results.

The natural result of a fear of knobbing is the rise of alternative excitement. And in France that seems to be sado masochism. Certainly the little magazines in the kiosk are turning more and more to sexual acts in which the only contact is between leather thong and trembling buttocks.

That's a turn up for the books. Sado masochism, which the French usually think of as The English Disease, is now all the rage over here.

MINTEL

And, as with everything to do with sex, the French are going to extremes. The magazines are horrific, and the chat over Mintel is distinctly strange.



Anyes. Mintel. If you want a symbol of the difference in sexual attitudes between my side of the channel and yours, this has to be it.

Whereas Telecom, with typical British hypocrisy, is only prepared to run sex lines so long as they rip the customer off and never deliver the goods, the French equivalent has given us an on-line screen info service on which anything goes. Mintel allows the French to share their most extreme fantasies and, as I write the lines are running as hot as a well-whipped bottom, with stories of bondage, spanking and flagellation.

LES KINKS

The prostitutes I drink with around the Odeon are getting a lot of sore bottoms these days, they don't like it but "at least it's safe." And they're giving far more whippings than they receive.

French wives too are getting spanked. Even the rich ones.

That frighteningly beautiful, wonderfully dressed, incredibly dignified lady who's just got into the chauffeur driven Mercedes outside the theatre is going to find herself skirt up, knickers down and writhing over the knees of Monsieur le Cunt in a few minutes if the night porter at the Hotel George V is a reliable witness.

Bottoms seem to be on top sexually over here. Where British sex magazines are full of 'reader's wives' posed as if for a particularly tricky gynaecological inspection, French magazine reader's wives are shown face down, buttocks well apart, displaying their arseholes.

Anal intercourse has never been illegal in France which is just as well – if it were they'd have half the population in jail.

But then we all know what the French are like, don't we? Anything goes. Well anything but what we British have decided to call 'french'.

If she fancies you a french woman will do anything for you – except suck your cock. Something that might be put down to the flavoursome genitalia of the average French man. At least, according to an enthusiastic amateur I picked up at a party recently. She would, she said, give anyone a blow job *except* a Frenchman.

She wouldn't say why. She just sniffed and spat!

Maybe we call it 'French' because it was done to us by French prostitutes on visits to Paris. Prostitutes, of course, being in business to do exactly those things that the ordinary woman won't.

FRENCH WHORES

They say French prostitutes are the best in the world and there are so many of them here, there must be some good ones amongst them.

There is a red-light area near my flat, which is also quite close to a school. The girls lounge around in the street enticing customers by lifting their skirts to show they have no knickers on. And spend a lot of time chasing the lads from the school who plague them by bending down to get an eyeful.

Prostitution is a profession with its own trade union in France. It's not exactly on a par with being a lady barrister, of course, but it's not entirely disgraceful either.

GETTING LAID

I asked some French friends how a Briton could get laid in France. They were hideously cynical about it. "Bring a lot of money", was the basic advice.

According to them you have to spend a whole lot wining and dining a French girl before she comes across. They much prefer English girls. Apparently you've only got to buy them dinner a couple of times and you're in.

French male wisdom has it that the further North you go in Briton the less money you have to spend on a girl (they obviously never visited Bingley). In France it's the opposite, they say, 'go South, spend less'.

What they forget, of course, is that they are French. It's easier for them to score in Britain and harder in France. My advice? Bring the conversation around to sex and mention how much you enjoy muff-diving.

If there's one thing a French girl likes it's a tongue in her pussy. Cunnilingus is a universal language and the French understand it perfectly.

If your delight in life is to kneel between satin smooth thighs, shouldering them wider apart so you can get your tongue further inside a warm wet pussy that taste like nothing so much as escargot in garlic butter, hop on the Sally line and come on down!

They love it! And French men can't really do it. Haven't got the stiff upper lip you see!

Charles de Gall



harvested for soft mohair-like growths which are subsequently knitted into shawls and mufflers for the local old folk.

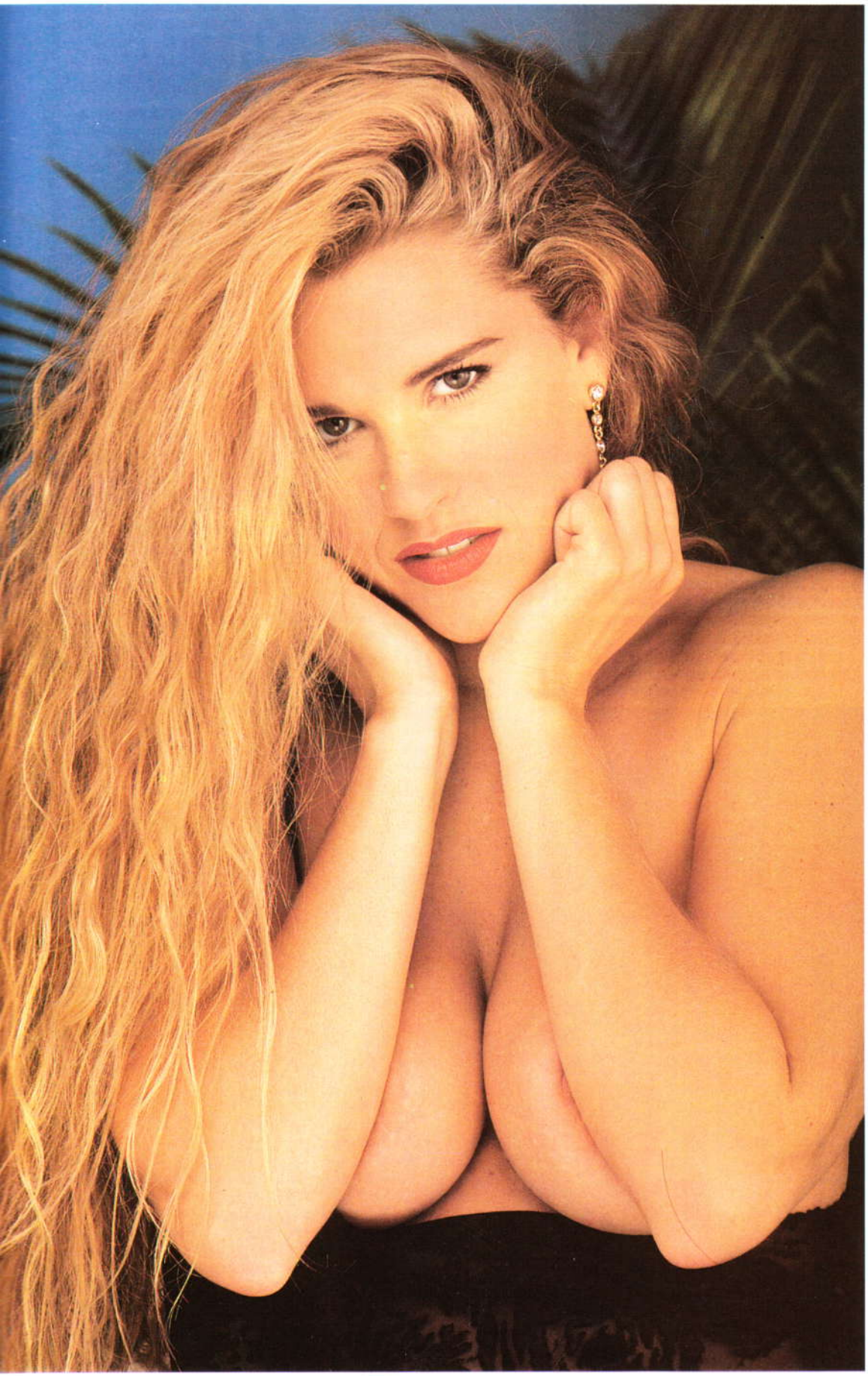
• Beginners may wish to hone their skills on the lower practice slopes where the smooth welcoming terrain affords an easy grounding in the skills that will eventually take them to the very top. However, care must be taken not to behave in too enthusiastic a fashion as many a beginner has overexerted himself and made an unnecessary mess all over his Franz Klammers.

• The more adventurous, however, will head straight for the more challenging areas of the resort. Their endeavours will be rewarded by the lyrical sighing of the breeze in their ears (known locally as the 'Oooooouuuummm'), a sure sign their skills are attracting attention. But even here dangers lurk as in the case of Col. O.C. 'Dingbat' Gashe-Gobbla who, back in '27, lost three fingers and his monocle when a massive ravine unexpectedly opened up beneath him.

• We are now entering the densely-wooded area of the upper slopes. Here in this region, known as 'La Muffe', the traveller is advised to rest awhile to acclimatise to his new environment. Excessive eating is also to be guarded against as the indigenous fauna tends towards brittleness and can stick uncomfortably in one's teeth, an unpleasant condition known as 'unwanted floss effect'.

• Now we are nearing the very peak itself and here the traveller may pause a moment to contemplate the heart-stopping beauty of the nether regions of Mons Veneris, 'La Crevisse Vulvique'. Gazing across the softly undulating valley to the gently contoured outcrops of 'La Bia d'Est' and 'La Bia D'Ouest' he may find himself contemplating penetrating to the moist sweaty caverns beneath, something to be approached with the fearful local sagas always in mind, such as that of intrepid explorer Otto Krotch who ventured into one such tunnel in 1892 with only a Davy Lamp and a happy smile for company . . . *and was strangely never seen again.*

• But here is the pinnacle that all visitors long to reach: the shimmering mountaintop spot known as 'La Clitorique Sensitif'. This pearl of pleasure, framed by low sloping cliffs was once regarded by many as merely the figment of fevered imagination. Until a fearless party of explorers led by Prof. Greer stunned the world with its discovery in 1967. Now the weary traveller can admire its peerless wonder and savour the sweet music produced every time he touches it in the right place. True, it was an arduous journey and his jaw aches like hell and his tongue felt like sandpaper, but it was well worth it!







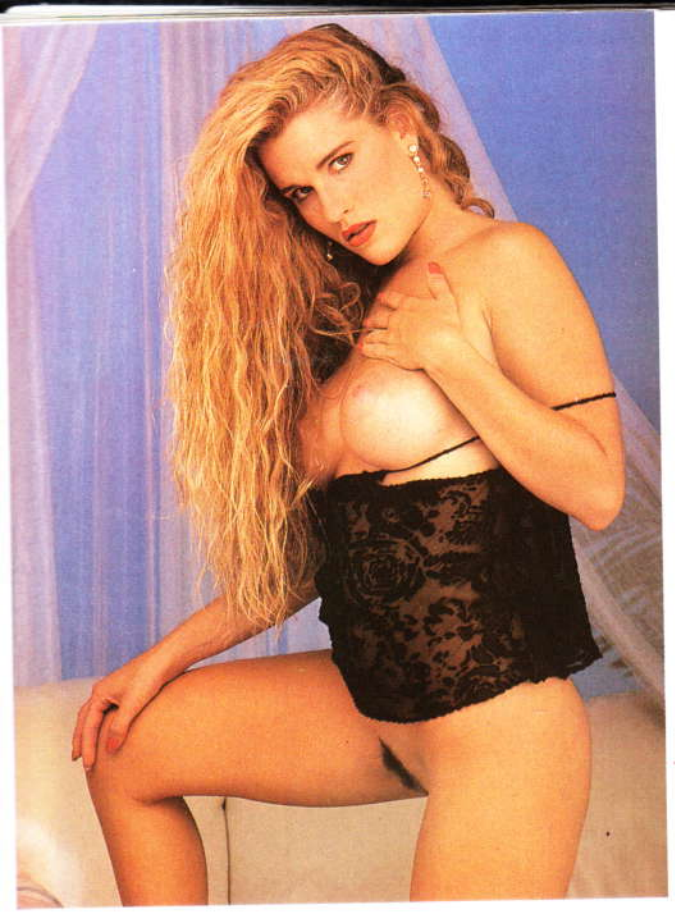
NOEL





















The only thing that really stands between Noel and a fabulous life of yachts, marinas and Pimms on the poop (which sounds utterly filthy, but is dead sophisticated apparently), is this rather annoying habit of falling into the water.
The word is that if there's a puddle on the street Noel will swallow dive into it.
There was the time she put one foot on the gunwhale of the dinghy, left the other on the hard (which sounds equally disgusting but isn't), and did the splits as the boat skidded out to sea, leaving her spredeagled like a – well like a centre-spread girl actually.
Then there was the time she jumped into the rubber dinghy and went straight through the bottom.
They had to pull it off her and her bikini bottom came too
And then there was the business with the gangplank that wasn't there anymore.
All in all it's a very sad tale.
The funny thing is that Noel doesn't know we know all this. So she makes out like a big-time off-shore racer, going on about her grometts, spinnakers and binnacles (which sounds like dirty talk to us), as we imagine her lying on her back in the water with no knickers on while a dozen helpful nautical types try to work out an excuse for getting her T-shirt off too (34C-23-36).















MONSTERMIND

depressed baron

Another World Exclusive in your soaraway MO! Trying not to leave a stain on the famous black chair, we have that staunch monarchist and friend of Elton John, Mr A. Newspaper-Proprietor.

Smugnuss Smugnusson: This month we are lucky to have a national celebrity on the programme. None other than Mr Rupert Murdoch who is world famous for er . . . well putting tits in newspapers.

Mr Murdoch: And putting tits in charge of newspapers sport, don't forget that.

Smugnuss: Of course.

Mr Murdoch: And pissing on everything you superior pommie snobs used to be so proud of. Where's your bloody Royal family now then? Where's the bloody intellectual bleedin' Times of London, hey? What ever happened to the decent, concerned, Daily Mirror – only fit to wrap Royal tits! Where's your league football on your snooty lah-de-bleedin'-dah BBC, mate? Wimbledon next. Then the test match. I'll drop 'em all down the dunny out back of black stump. That'll teach you to look down your bloody noses at me. Like you're doing now Smugnusson.

Smugnuss: No doubt. Mr Murdoch you scored no points in the general knowledge section of the quiz, and I wish you luck on your specialist subject which is?

Mr Murdoch: The reign of Queen Elizabeth 1952-1994, if I've got anything to do with it.

Smugnuss: King Rupert you have one minute to answer questions on your specialist subject, starting NOW:

Q: Queen Elizabeth began her reign loved and respected, the whole nation looking forward to a rosy new Elizabethan age. What was the state of the Monarchy in 1994?

A: A dirty joke.

Q: Correct. Yet there is still considerable interest in the monarchy, why is this?

A: 'Cos it's the best bleedin' soap going mate. I mean it's tragic. There she was, doing so well, and she ends up with one son who wants to be a Tampax, another who gets entangled with a topless toe-sucking tart, and the other one breaks his old dads heart by quitting the marines and hanging around with a bunch of poofy actors. It's all there, the neurotic daughter-in-law, the boozy gran who plays the horses. Couldn't be better if I'd written the script myself.

Q: Correct. But you did write the script, didn't you?

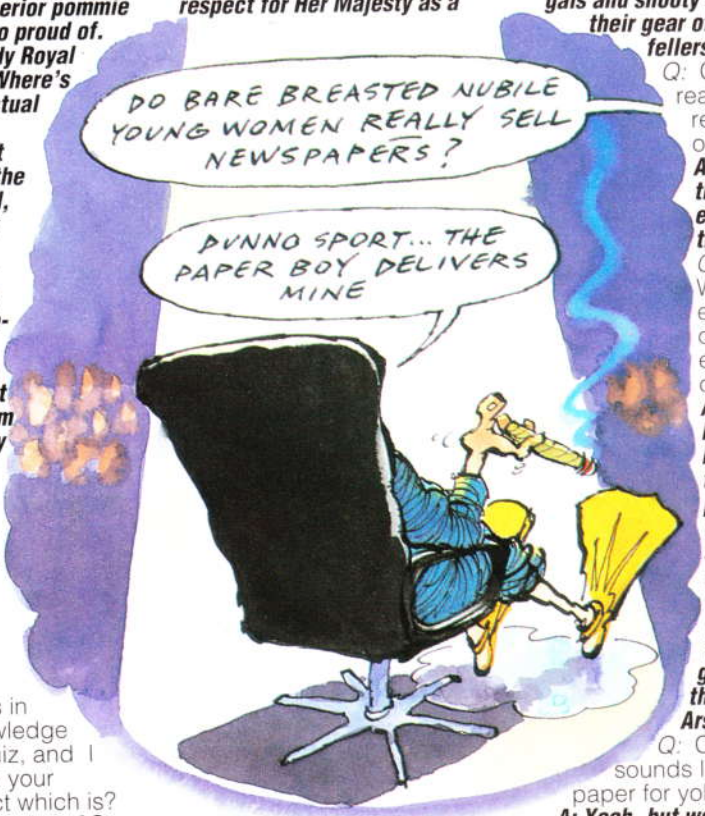
A: Certainly not!

Q: Sorry that is not the answer on the card. Why do you hate the monarchy so much?

A: I don't. I have the very deepest respect for Her Majesty as a person. I just don't like the way she dresses.

Q: Correct. How do you think she should dress?

A: In stockings and suspenders and a lacy basque getting her tits out for the lads on page 3!



Q: Correct. Which brings us to the thing you're justly famous for. What gave you the idea of printing tits in a daily newspaper?

A: To show the world that these snooty British Sheilas are quick enough to get their gear off if you bung 'em a few crisp notes.

Q: Correct. But your models weren't snooty, they were mostly very ordinary girls.

A: Anyone with a pommie accent sounds snooty to me mate.

Q: Correct. You built your topless models up into celebrities, didn't you. Why?

A: No choice. I mean no real snobbish British celebrity would talk to the Sun, would they.

Q: Correct. Why was this?

A: Because it was the paper of the ordinary man, all six million of us. Your look-down-the-nose gals and snooty Sheilas won't get their gear off for us ordinary fellers.

Q: Correct. Do you really think of your readers as ordinary guys?

A: Yep! I made the paper especially for them.

Q: Correct. What is the editorial stance of a paper aimed exclusively at Mr ordinary?

A: Tits out for the lads, give us a blow-job luv, cor this beer tastes of piss, bloody foreigners, why should he have all that money, so bloody goody goody on the box and all the time getting fucked up the arse . . . Arsenal, Arsenal.

Q: Correct. That sounds like the perfect paper for yobs.

A: Yeah, but we're all yobs deep down. Tits out, bloody foreigners, envy. That's human nature. All a man really wants is a nice tight pussy and a warm place to have a shit.

Q: Correct. But human beings can be noble and good.

A: Sure they can, if they control the basic yob in 'em they can. That's the civilisation you Poms used to be so smug about.

Q: Correct. You were a great supporter of Mrs Thatcher. How did this attitude chime in with Tory Party policy?

A: Same thing.

Q: I'll give you that. The answer on the card is they made it all right to be a rich yob. How did your 'paper of the people' image fit in with supporting the Tories?

A: We only supported some parts of Tory policy.

Q: Correct. Which part.

A: Well the bit about de-regulating TV and handing out licences to satellite operators comes to mind.

Q: Correct. You are now an American citizen. How come?

A: You have to be to own a US TV Station.

Q: Correct. Before that you were a British Citizen. Why was that?

A: It helps if you own lots of papers. Besides I was tired of bloody snivelling Oz, I wanted to bring the snob Brits down a peg or three.

Q: Correct. So why give up British citizenship?

A: After I'd been there a few years the place wasn't worth pissing on.

Q: Correct. Who . . . I've started so I'll finish . . . who are these uniformed officers making their way onto the stage carrying a strait jacket?

Officer Gummer: We are officers from Her Majesty's Prison for the criminally insane, Hampton. The man in the black chair is an absconded paranoid schizophrenic named Maxwell.

Smugnuss: You mean he is not Rupert Murdoch?

Officer Gummer: Certainly not. Rupert Murdoch is a decent, right thinking, rich man with many lawyers who would never hold nor utter the sentiments that have come from this nutter.

Smugnuss: Of course. I knew this was not Mr Murdoch all the time, but I played along with him until you got here.

Officer Gummer: Thank you Sir.

Smugnuss: You're welcome. Can we have the next contestant please . . .

dial 'O' for orgasm

by tony husband



blah!

continued from page 22

began to fuck my orbs with more concentration than I had ever seen. He started to moan pretty damn quickly and I knew exactly what that meant. 'Spunk darling. Spunk for me,' I moaned. A few strokes later he shot his love cream all over my tits. He then collapsed on top of me and rolled over to lie by my side. Entwined in each other's arms we both drifted off to sleep!

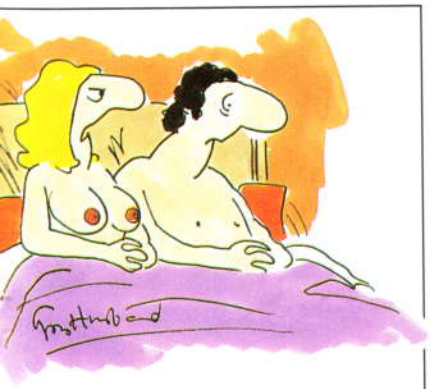
(H.S., Melton.)

Lady Of The House

Even though I have a very active and exciting sex life that doesn't mean I never have time for fantasy. Luckily for me I have a boyfriend who enjoys my fantasies as much as me.

My favourite game is to pretend I'm the mistress in a house in the last century. I am the rich lady and my boyfriend is a serving lad. I lay there on the bed all dressed up in the style of the period – well, the underclothes at least! – and pretend I'm bored and frustrated on account of my husband being away. As I lay there I begin to play with my pussy, stroking my finger up between my sex lips and gently massaging my clit as it gets harder and harder.

It's then that I 'notice' Steve watching through the door and jump in a mixture of anger and surprise. Steve as a lowly servant shouldn't be peeking on his mistress like that and I order him into the room to give him a thorough upbraiding. However, I can't help but notice the thick bulge in his trousers and finally have to tell him I'll overlook his indiscretion if I'm allowed to see what he has down there. He agrees and I unbutton his jeans to reveal his big stiffening prick. I get so excited by the sight of



'Looks like it's not only your goal scoring that's dried up!'

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JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK GURGUL













One thing we're all ever so keen on up at Men Only is a happy, smiling girlypops like Julia here. Take a look at the cheeky grin, will you? Goes from ear to ear (and from there to there, if you want, and lights up your day more efficiently than the floodlights at Wembley – in other words, this nineteen-year-old from Nunhead is just the perfect tonic to come home to after a typical day battling the rigours of life in Britain circa 1994: you know the kind of thing – the car got wheelclamped, the boss took exception to you writing a porno novel on the office computer, the train home was delayed for hours due to 'an unseasonal fall of airline effluent' and you are Pissed Off.







But then you stagger through the front door, slump into your favourite armchair (okay, the cat's piddled on it, but by now you're too far gone to care) and suddenly there's a girl like Julia: happy, smiling, wiggling a 34B-22-34 figure around the front room to the theme music from Watchdog and, what do you know? Suddenly all your woes evaporate into thin air and you couldn't give a bugger about car, boss or British Rail – all you want to do is cavort naked on the imitation bearskin rug, experiment sexually with the horse brasses and play 'Whoa, that's tingly!' utilising the contents of the pickle shelf in the fridge. Wonderful, eh?
The great thing about girls like Julia is that they make you think like that; the bad thing, of course, is that there's not enough of them to go around . . . bugger!!!







Q U I Z Z L E

throwing your wobblies!

Are you losing it? Have you lost it recently? Will you be losing it in the near future? If bloody irritating intros like this nudge you towards psychosis, then read on . . .

1. *Are you driven to jump on the roof and bite angry lumps out of your chimney by people who . . .*

a) tell you about their dreams?
b) shake hands with you as though they're testing a melon?
c) hold their noses when they jump into swimming-pools ?
d) talk to you with their eyes closed?
e) recycle the old wrapping-paper off last year's Christmas presents?

2. *Do people who roll up just one sleeve, and wander around hotel foyers with their sunglasses on make you . . .*

a) gnash your teeth on the Richer scale?
b) say things likely to get you thrown out of the Roman Catholic Church – feet first?
c) plunge your head into a fire bucket to stop your nostrils exploding?
d) tear horses in half?



e) think Hitler wasn't such a bad chap, after all?

3. *Should people who tuck their shirts into their underpants be given . . .*

a) a compulsory transport-cafe luncheon voucher?
b) a short sharp smack around the ear with a chain saw?
c) the death penalty – twice?
d) three seconds to leave the solar system?
e) a cat-scent gland implant, and be left in a locked room with a rottweiler?

4. *Are the majority of your hysterical hair-tearing, wallpaper-ripping, dustbin-squeezing, lamppost-punching, forehead-on-the-pavement-pounding episodes caused by people who try to . . .*

a) blow their noses quietly?
b) laugh without showing their protruding front teeth?
c) talk to you while you're on the phone to someone else?
d) make out they need to use two hands at the urinal?
e) not split infinitives?

5. *Do you consider slow-roasting inside the exhaust pipe of a Formula-one-Grand-Prix racing car to be too lenient a punishment for people who . . .*

a) wipe their palms on their trousers before shaking hands with you?
b) wipe their palms on their trousers after shaking hands with you?
c) wear so much perfume they leave vapour trails?
d) wish you Merry Christmas as though they're telling you it's started to rain?
e) find it necessary to announce the fact that they're going to the toilet?

6. *Do people who leave just two inches of paper on the toilet roll arouse you to . . .*

a) audible eyeball-cracking apoplexy?
b) instant bowel-voiding, kneecap-biting fury?
c) blood-bubbling, head-splitting, hair-fusing venom?
d) tongue-ejecting, tonsil-bursting, fist-imploding, tooth-disintegrating auto-combustion?
e) a desire to force-feed them a Chieftain tank?

7. *Do you consider being tied to the back of an XR3 driven by a 17-year-old salesman 30 minutes late for an appointment with a blonde, nyphomaniacal millionairess a fit punishment for people who say . . .*

a) "Very much so" when they mean "Yes"?
b) "At this moment in time" when they mean "Now"?
c) "Myself" when they mean "Me"?
d) "A million and a half" when they mean "One and a half million"?
e) "I could care less" when they mean "I couldn't care less"?

8. *If you were ever driven to turn a human being inside out, inflate him to 8,000 pounds per square inch, and hammer him through a six-inch hole into a blast furnace with a splintered Mississippi steamboat paddle, would it probably be one of those people who . . .*

a) say they'll phone you back in five minutes, then disappear off the face of the Earth?
b) rattle the handles of WC cubicles when you're using them?
c) use scented toilet soap?
d) can't wait for the train to stop before opening the carriage door?
e) blame the fact that they're 23 stones overweight on their glands?

9. *You are sitting in a traffic jam, quietly etching swastikas on the windscreen with your breath, when a man walks by, blowing his nose on a microscopic, scrunched-up piece of tissue. Would you like to . . .*

a) strap him to the rear leg of an incontinent elephant ?
b) hermetically seal his bodily orifices, and put him on a diet of Coca cola and curried beans?
c) coat him in porridge, and drop him in a pit of starving old age pensioners?
d) remove his internal organs with a billhook via his left nostril?
e) make him sit through a slow-motion action replay of the South Bank Show?

11. *If any one deserved to be fastened inside a dwarf's knapsack with 83 bottles of anthrax, and thrown into a tumble-drier aboard a World-War-One plane bound for Antarctica, do you feel it should be those*

B R R M - B R R M !

quivering nips

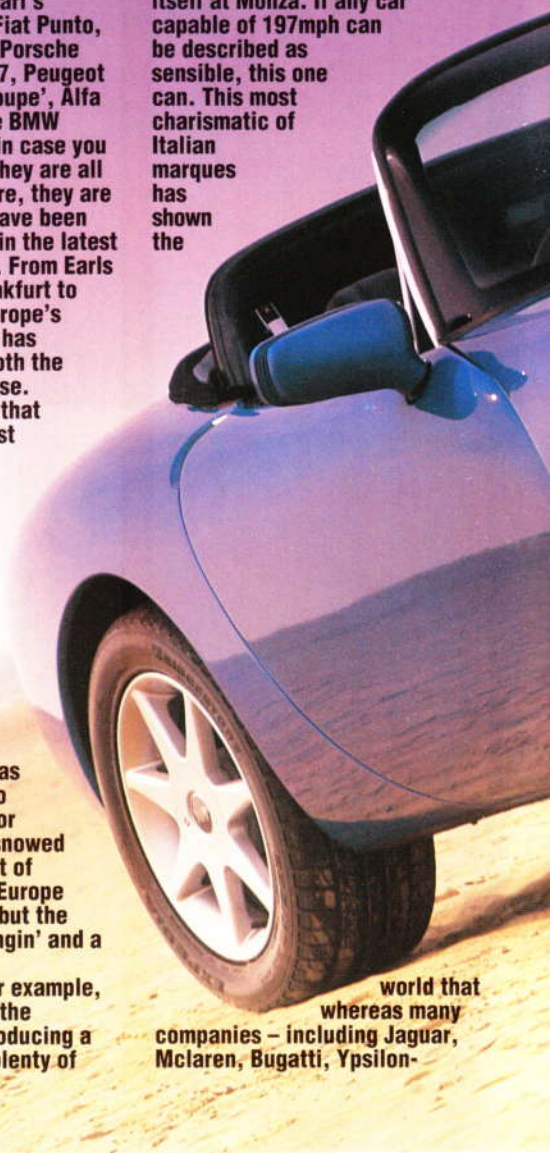
Just when it seemed the entire world would be driving Japanese 'Matchbox' toys, Europe awakes, scratches its parts, and fights the rising tide of Sushi-shit . . .

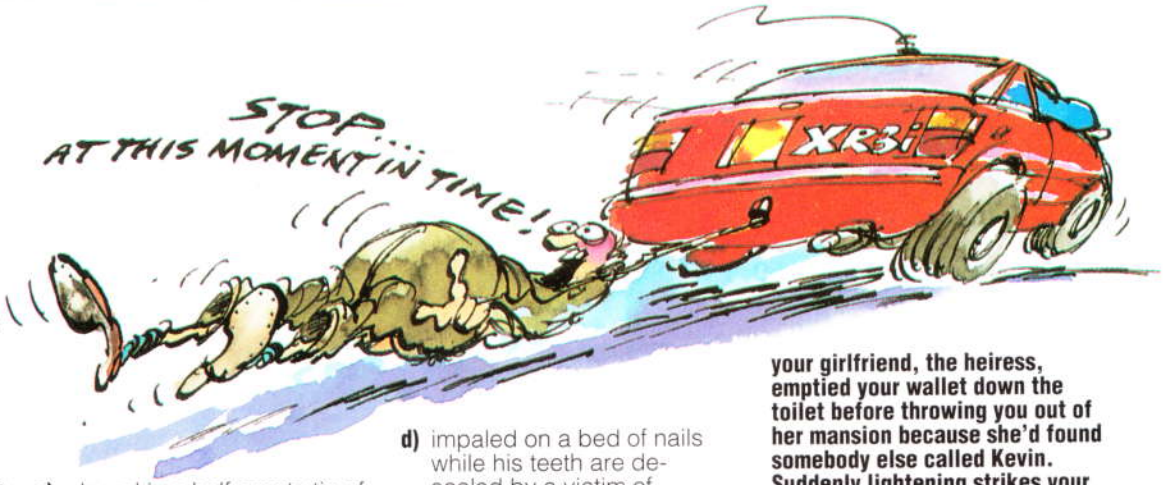
Take ten of the best of the new boys, and ask yourself what they have in common: Ferrari's fabulous 456GT, the Fiat Punto, TVR Cebera, AC Ace, Porsche 911, Aston Martin DB7, Peugeot 306 Cabriolet, Fiat Coupe', Alfa Romeo Spider and the BMW 325tds. The answer, in case you can't spot it, is that they are all European. What's more, they are also the cars which have been stunning the punters in the latest round of motorshows. From Earls Court to Geneva, Frankfurt to Tokyo, it has been Europe's motor industry which has consistently drawn both the prizes and the applause.

Not, that is to say, that the Japanese have lost it completely. However, there's no getting away from the fact that this year at least – and who can remember that last time we could say this? – Europe is way out in front.

What the latest show is an industry fighting back – even boring old Vauxhall has at last stuck a V6 into it's Calibra coupe. For more than a decade snowed under by an onslaught of Oriental excellence, Europe had been in retreat, but the times they are a-changin' and a good job too.

With the 456GT, for example, Ferrari has rewritten the supercar rulebook producing a car with four seats, plenty of room for luggage, and pin-sharp handling that wouldn't shame itself at Monza. If any car capable of 197mph can be described as sensible, this one can. This most charismatic of Italian marques has shown the world that whereas many companies – including Jaguar, Mclaren, Bugatti, Ypsilon-





people who . . .

a) chew the end of their pencils?
b) chew the end of other people's pencils?
c) ask who you are by demanding, "And your name is?"?
d) come and stand behind you while you're choosing a library book?
e) insist on taking their fair share of leg room on the train?

10. The England cricket selectors are meeting to choose their team for the next test, and you are just delivering the hatpin to them, when a man sucking the earpiece of his spectacles approaches, drums his fingers on your car roof, and says "You can't park there sunshine." In an ideal world, would he be . . .

a) placed in a half-empty tin of Kattomeat, and shaken?
b) put on the first manned flight to Alpha Centauri with a one way ticket?
c) dropped from 30,000 feet, nose-first into a family of 17's chemical toilet, and artificially resuscitated by a camel with terminal halitosis?
d) impaled on a bed of nails while his teeth are de-scaled by a victim of Parkinson's disease with a pneumatic drill?
e) bent over at the waist, fitted with a posterior funnel, and placed in the path of Halley's Comet?

12. You are driving to the bank to replace the money you lost after your girlfriend, the heiress, emptied your wallet down the toilet before throwing you out of her mansion because she'd found somebody else called Kevin. Suddenly lightening strikes your car, runs along the steering wheel and melts your new Gucci watch, making you swerve over a hedgehog being led across the road by a seven foot tall animal lover with a machete. Having pledged half your coming patch to change the faulty tyre in the rain, when a man saunters over,



Yamaha, Cizeta-Moroda and Lister – can build a single limited-appeal supercar in limited numbers, only one can consistently design, develop and sell an entire range of beautiful, effective and desirable cars.

The Ferrari will cost you around £150,000 and you'll have to wait three years. By contrast the Fiat Coupe and new Alfa Spider have cost the Italians almost £18 billion but you'll only have to wait a few months for them. Investing such a sum to renew its entire range, Fiat (which owns Ferrari, as well as Alfa, Lancia, Maserati, Innocenti, and virtually the entire motor industry), is set to launch some stunners.

BMW's biggest surprise is the 325tds – a diesel car you'd actually want to drive. Largely ignored by Japan, the diesel is clearly here to stay, and the oil-burning Beemer is the best I'd ever driven. Every bit as quick, and just as civilised, as its petrol-engined sister, it's also good for about 50mpg thanks to an intercooled turbo and the kind of engineering integrity one expects from BMW.

From TVR, of course, one never knows what to expect although year on year they certainly deliver the goods. Britain's largest independent car manufacturer, but still a tiny player on the world stage, they continue to baffle with an amazingly wide range of world-class, truly remarkable, truly affordable, and truly I-do-want-one sportsters. The four-seater Cerbera was without doubt the car of the show at Earls Court. But that's not all they had to shout about, having for years relied on the tried and tested Land Rover V8, the company is now developing a F1-style state-of-the-art on of its own and, it has now been confirmed, a V12.

Such development and growth has not been quite so evident at Aston Martin, but signs suggest that at last one of motoring's greatest names is about to get its house in order. The DB7 heralds a new dawning for the company. Smaller and a damn sight nicer looking than the existing line-up of Aston behemoths, it also promises of be somewhat more affordable at around £80K. That doesn't sound particularly cheap, but the current Vantage would cost you double and then some.

Worth waiting for? I think so. One way and another, it's been a great year for Europe, and if you ask the experts, next year's going to be even better.









PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS





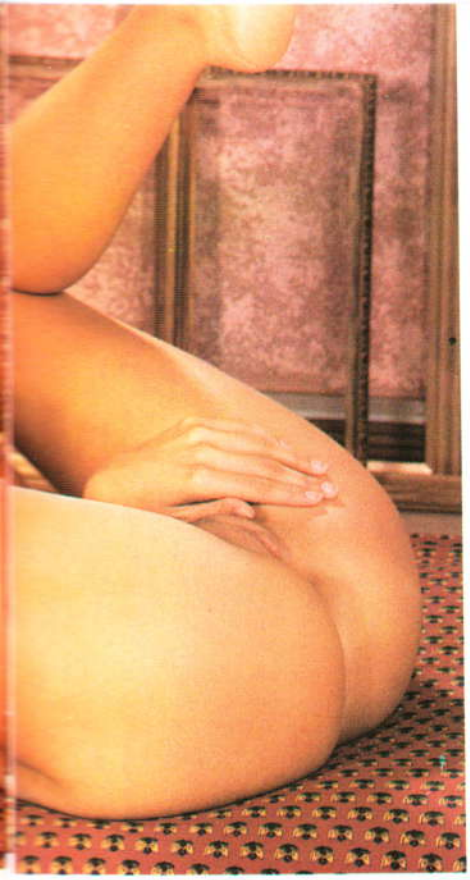


DIANA













It is a little know fact of musical history that when those famously-hirsute Texans, ZZ Top, penned their classic paean to female allure, 'She Got Legs' they were in fact thinking of young Diana here. Not the actual girl herself, of course, as her pins hadn't extended to full gorgeousity back then, but a woman very much like her – one with gams that reach not only to her armpits but over her shoulders, down her back until they reunite somewhere in the region of that golden-tan undercarriage. In other words, the song was a pure flight of fantasy until Diana hit the scene.

With a figure like that (35B-22-33) you'd think she was a fashion model, wouldn't you? And you'd be correct – to a point, for there was a time 22-year-old Di was the darling of the runway (Milan, not Heathrow) and all set to blow the Naomis, Christys and Blancmanges (*Are you sure about that? – Ed*) off the world's front pages, catwalks and Vauxhall Corsa commercials.

So what happened? Well, things went awry when Diana starred in a show for notorious designer Jean-Pierre Kinque. So taken was she with the carnal hi-jinks of the day and the exciting yet tasteful cut of Mr Kinque's rubberwear creations she came to understand her true vocation. "What's the point," she insists, "in getting your tits out in front of a bunch of overdressed shirtlifters who won't appreciate it, when you can do it for MO readers and cause massive frontal trouser-shift all over the country?"

blah!

continued from page 31

this big cock I can't resist giving it a lick and before long I'm giving it a thoroughly good sucking, breaking off occasionally to say things like, 'Oh God, isn't it terrible I should be sucking your cock?', things like that – it's more of a turn-on the more we get into it, especially when Steve will say, 'That's a mighty wet cunt you have there, Ma'am. You want me to fuck you?' And of course I say, 'Oh how terrible that would be!' – as I spread my thighs for his huge cock and let him slide into me. It always ends up in a tremendous fuck that leaves me gasping with utter delight. I can't believe I'm being ravished by this low-class guy and it drives me crazy – I climax over and over!

Do any other readers indulge in this kind of fun? Why not write to *Men Only* if you do. It might give me a few ideas!

(S.E., Kidderminster.)

Cucumber Sandwich

Sir: My girlfriend and I love to play sexy forfeit games to turn us on for sex. It doesn't matter what the game is, we've done it with cards, spinning the bottle and even kids games like ludo. The whole point is



'Hoorah! The recession's over Ms. Benson, join me in a glass of bubbly.'

that the loser has to do whatever the winner wants.

You won't need me to tell you that this really suits the guy best, because when I win there are stacks of sexy positions I want to put her through, but she doesn't have so many fantasies like that about me. She's much more interested in letting me win.

Many's the evening I've thumbed through the pages of *Men Only*, looking for a really sexy pose to get her to copy. I love to see her dress up like the models and lay back, looking herself in the mirror, all intent to pull her pussy lips open in just the same way as your models do. And then she

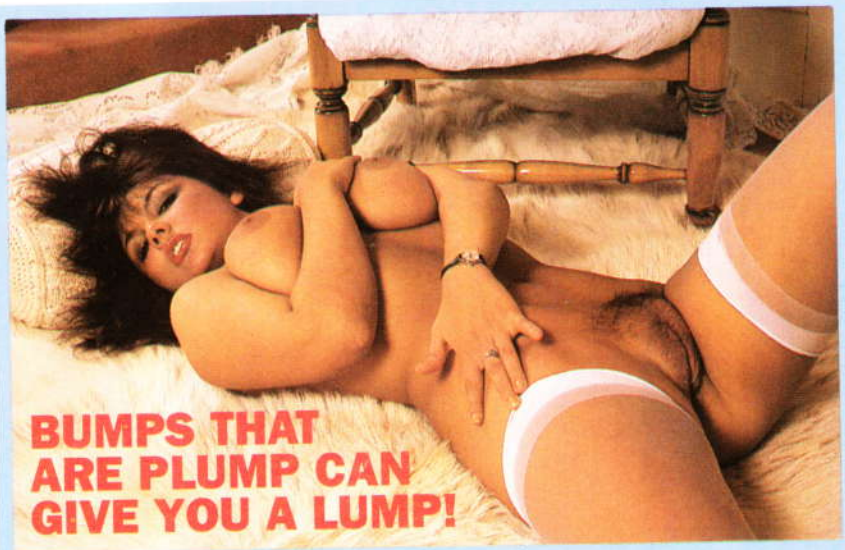
continued on page 64

tuts, and says "Still, not to worry, eh?" Without being silly about this, do you believe he should be . . .

a) sent to Coventry?
b) sent to Cleethorpes?
c) sliced into 36 pieces and jumped on by a man with hobnailed boots who's just walked across a field of incontinent cows?
d) dipped in treacle and glued by the mouth over an ant's nest?
e) nailed to the back of a female blue whale during the mating season?

How did you score?
a.5 b.10 c.0 d.1 e.20

0-1 You're totally untroubled by other people's aggravating little foibles. Their idiosyncrasies annoy you not at all. And if there's an irritating habit capable of making you angry, it's yet to be discovered.
2-3 Oh dear. Some people's habits inevitably get on your nerves, and you have to retaliate somehow. But tying a chap's ear to a helicopter rotor blade because he drives a Volvo is decidedly and categorically wrong! You ought to tie his genitals to it, you fool.
4-5 You're the sort of person who puts the aaargh! into reaction, and the mental into temperamental. You're touchy, short-tempered, and inclined to resort to violence bordering on the homicidal when confronted by awkward, stupid, idle, dull, or inept people. For goodness sake don't go and watch England play a Test match.
6-10 Just because you've gained a relatively low score doesn't mean you're not oversensitive, temperamental and dangerously psychotic. It just means I'm too scared to tell you that you are.
11-30 Choleric, captious, cantankerous – you lose your rag more often than an absent-minded charlady; your skins thinner than a bus driver's smile; and you're able to bear fewer people than a eunuch. But you don't worry. There are ways to reduce this vehement limb-amputating antipathy you feel towards the people you come into daily contact with. Have you ever considered actually moving from Wales, for instance.?
51-75 You're scathingly intolerant of anyone you disapprove of. You lecture, lambaste and disparage people who don't hold your point of view. And you issue dire threats to those who might not behave as you see fit. I suppose we should be grateful you only give a couple of sermons a week, Vicar.
76-100 You may have a temper that goes off faster than a dock worker at home time, but controlling your reaction to irritating people is not insurmountable. It's simply a question of counting to ten. Backwards, from 18 million.
101-150 Great! You're one of the few people fearless and forthright enough not to restrain their true reactions to the nuisances of this world. You're open and honest and natural. I'm sure it's only a matter of time before you get used to prison food.
151-200 Look, maybe it wasn't such a good idea to attempt this quiz on a Monday morning.



BUMPS THAT ARE PLUMP CAN GIVE YOU A LUMP!

A groundbreaking new study from America threatens to completely blow the lid on the sexuality of the female. Tiny twats are out, writes our man with the eight-inch tongue, FRANK LEE ORSOM . . .

It's big, it's bold and it's sitting on your face! Yes, the plump pudenda is back and, according to scientists at the Institute of Labial Research in Cunnilingual, Arizona, the bigger the bump the better the hump!

"Preliminary studies have certainly indicated a distinct trend away from the smaller, more coy mound towards the bloody big beaver that looks like the foothills of the Arondiracks in a hazy autumnal mist. The type that settles down on your face with a healthy SQUIDGE!, compelling the male to lick like a mad thing in order to satiate the female lust," confided chief researcher Professor Will Givehead, in between sips of Evian and liberal application of lip salve at a press conference held at the Institute last week.

Pressed as to how he justified the results of his research, Prof. Givehead invited on to the stage a Ms Vaginal Pout, described as a 'chorine' resident at 'Big Al's Burrito 'n' Buttsteak Lounge' just off route 69 outside Las Vegas. As drooling journalists looked on, Ms Pout (illustrated) disrobed and lay upon Prof. Givehead's lectern with her thighs spread wide apart.

"The juiciness of a mound such as this cannot be denied," declared the professor, running his fingers through Vaginal's lightly-furred snatch. "I mean, will you take a look at that! All big and sweaty, how can a man resist the temptation to thrust his tongue deeply into the yielding moist crevices and go 'schlupslurpschlup!'. I ask you!"

The professor then proceeded to do just that, to the evident delight of Ms Pout, who, seizing his head, was heard to yell, "Gimme some o' that tongue, yo' randy ol' clit-licker yo'!!!" The assembled press corps moved forward to get better camera angles as the professor leapt to his feet, unbuckling his trousers as he did so and yelling: "I'm gonna pork this honey to within an inch of her life!!" prior to unveiling a sizeable and clearly tumescent member which he then proceeded to align with the comely contours of Ms Pout's fleshly folds.

At this point the press conference was interrupted by the arrival of several law enforcement officers and another man in a lab coat and glasses who made several interesting points regarding Professor Givehead's expense account claims and the misuse of institute funds with particular regard to bar bills emanating from the Las Vegas area.

As the professor was dragged away he was heard to declare: "Make sure she's got a big one! You know it's neat if it's round and sweet!!"

We asked some spokesmen at the Department of Trade and Interlabia Affairs to comment, but after a number of fruitless phone calls all they would say was: "Mmmmmnn Mnnn Mmmm!"

CARLA



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANNE ALLUM

















Nuclear physicist Carla Fernandez is Mexico's leading expert on the particle accelerator. She can smash a nucleus at 500 yards, carries enough Plutonium in her handbag to destroy the western world and is currently working on a fusion generator that will supply the entire American continent with electrical power until the year 3000.
Unfortunately she's 52, (30A-36-38) has her legs on the wrong way up and suffers from terminal saggy bottom, so who cares about her?
***This** Carla Fernandez is the world's leading expert on getting drunk, taking her clothes off in an Italian restaurant, getting the waiters to cover her all over in warm, sensuous, spaghetti Carbonara and then lick it all off.*
Well she did it once. I mean it's very difficult to live that sort of thing down, is'nt it? Proving, once and for all that there is such a thing as a free lunch (36D-23-36).






















MENONLY



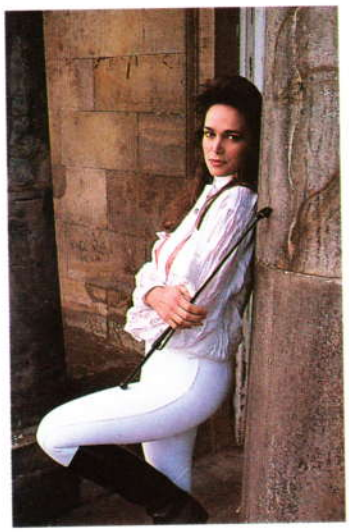
Hunting...

The countryside in winter may be a place of frosty beauty, but it's also a hotbed of lusty young bottoms in tight jodhpurs all bonking, straining and heaving on an massive scale. And you thought it was just Huntin', Shootin' and Fuckin' . . .

Hot to trot!

Galloping furiously through the morning mist, hooves a-thundering, bumcakes a-wiggling . . . Yes, it can only be the British horsewoman. But what of the seductress in the saddle? We asked three devoted lady riders to explain the appeal . . .

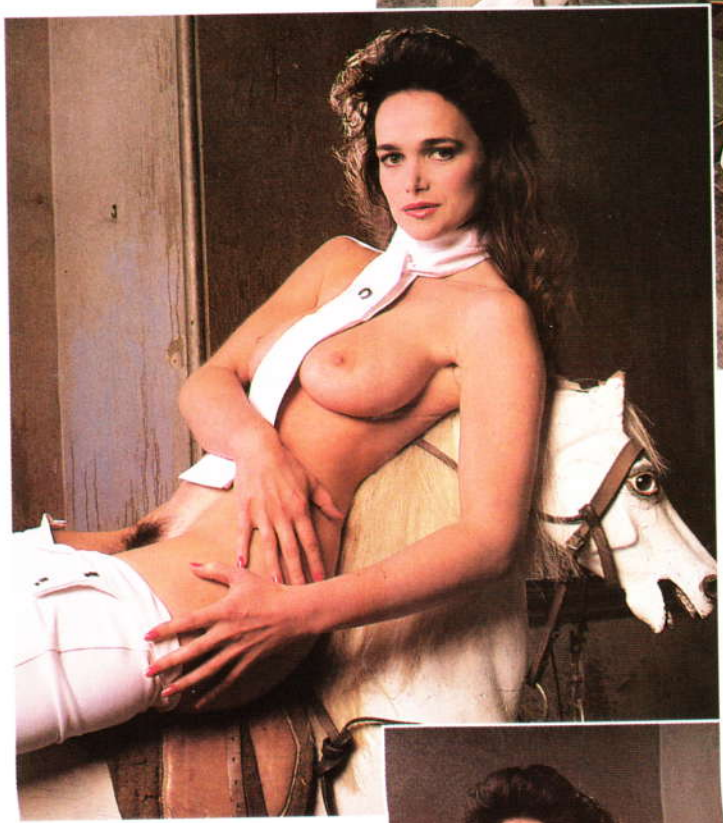




ARABELLA (26, educated at Bedales, engaged):
"Horses have always been in the family, as it were, and I've adored them ever since I was of an age to get in the saddle. I rode all through my teens and even when I discovered boys I still rode – in fact, riding and sex are two things I firmly believe go hand-in-hand."

"Yes, I have quite an aggressive personality, someone once even described me as 'stern', but I'm sure I'm not that bad. Yet I know what I want and when I want something I usually know how to go about getting it. I ride hard and I like to screw hard. One of my earliest sexual encounters was with the lad who mucked out the stables on daddy's estate – William was his name, a handsome strapping lad about 21, three years older than me. Well I'd seen the way he was looking at me every time I got saddled up for a ride and I knew that basically I only had to say the word and he was mine. So, one morning I'd been for a damn good gallop and returned to the stables to find William there as usual and, well, I don't know what happened – something snapped and before I knew it I was all over the chap . . .

"It was the first time I'd ever experienced this incredible surge of sexual excitement, yet I was in complete control. He was already hard by the time I extracted his thing from his breeches and I simply ripped off my joddies and straddled him like he was a thoroughbred stallion, riding his cock and telling him throughout to do it to me harder and harder. I'd experimented sexually in the past and got an awful lot of satisfaction from doing so, but now it seemed I'd discovered exactly what I was sexually, which was the sort of woman who wants to work their











partner hard – very similar to the way I ride, really; I'm famous for pushing my mounts to the limit. I certainly worked William well, not just that day but for many months afterwards until, of course, daddy found out and my poor William had to go.

"But in my fiancé, Giles, I feel I've maybe met my match. He's just as tough as me and when it comes to screwing it's simply perfect. Like me, he's mad keen on riding. You feel so invigorated, ready for almost anything – which is very handy as the moment Giles gets a glimpse of me all tooled up in my riding gear, he becomes a right randy stoat



and promptly wants me to give his thing a damn good gobble. Loves me to do it wearing all the clobber, too, preferably somewhere out of doors, such in the tack room of the stables."

"Mind you, I can't say I mind an awful lot, as Giles does have a rather splendid thing, even if I say so myself. Every so often – especially if I've had a particularly strenuous gallop – I'll peel down my joddies and tell him to give me a thorough rogering from behind. The dirtier the better, that's what I say. I want him to be my stallion, to thrust into me like a beast while I call him all sorts of filthy names the whole time. Then I love him to spunk all over my bottom and rub it in with the end of his tool. Sometimes I pull up my breeches immediately after he's come so I can walk around feeling his sticky mess upon my arse. Glorious!"

The A-Z of Outdoor Pursuits

If you thought the country life was just huntin', shootin' and fishin' you'd be sorely wrong. Here, our field sports co-respondent, HARRIS TWEED, expertly guides you through the lesser-known pastimes of the great British outdoors . . .

ASSAULT & BATTERY: A common country pastime, oft-practised by hunt marshals, farmers and farm-hands, usually around about 11.15 on Friday night, just after the pubs close.

BUMWATCHING: A summer pursuit centred around wheat fields on sunny days when enthusiasts (known as 'twitchers' due to their spasmodic hand movements) gather to observe the curious



phenomenon of the seasonal *glutimus maximi* rising and falling in sweet harmony, usually accompanied by the shrills cries of 'Ummmahhhh!', 'Ooooo!' and 'Bleedin' 'ell, oi gotta corn-stalk in me condom!!!'

CORN CIRCLES: A nocturnal sport, occurring when, after 16 pints of 'Olde Sheepshagger's XXX Cyder' a gang of locals descend upon the nearest arable field and try and walk home, leaving bizarre imprints and configurations in the trampled corn. Once the hangover's worn off they ring the tabloids with tales of little green men etc. and loads of blokes with beards believe them. Often mistakably attributed to the effects of Bumwatching (q.v.)

DOG SHOOTING: Where sheep farmers shoot dogs for "makin' moi sheep worried". A real favourite.

EURO-CREAMING: Not a quick Barclays over a Scandinavian jazz mag. Euro-Creaming is one of the most popular countryside games in existence. To play, one must own a farm, then apply for as many thousands of Ecus in grants as humanly possible before pissing off to Benidorm with that shapely lass who does the milking. Then one should write to one's MP on the subject of how hard it is for farmers to make a living.



FUCKINTOWNIES: As played in small village pubs everywhere. Upon spotting a strange face at the bar the entire company gathers at the other end of the saloon and goes eerily silent. The first one to mutter 'Fuckintownies!' in an indecipherable accent loses.

GREBE-BAITING: Each Spring the majestic Grebe returns to the marshes at Nether Flatulence, Somerset. And since 1387 every male over 21 dresses up in a suit of cordwain and goes to the marshes at dawn to lower their trousers and wave their genitals at the grebes while shouting out rude and abusive taunts.

HIDE AND SEEK: Unlike its metropolitan namesake, rural hide and seek is only played once a year, usually coinciding with visits from Inland Revenue officials wanting to know about those Benidorm holidays (see: Euro-Creaming).

INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER: This charming game is played among the



young lads of the village and consists of seeing who can get the local publican's teenage daughter up the duff the quickest.

JODRELL BANK: A sport favoured by the losers in Innkeeper's Daughter.

KNOCKER DAY: An East Anglian tradition where the eldest village resident calls at the home of any comely maiden aged 17-25 and, upon rapping her 'knocker', promptly gives her boobs a good feel before hurrying off as fast as his zimmer frame will carry him. No-one knows why, but then, what the hell?

LICENSE DUPING: In which villagers stake out a grotty section of riverbank and, upon spying a 'townie' settling down to fish there, promptly emerge



from the bushes demanding to see the angler's license and thereafter extorting a charge of £150 for the right to dangle one's float in three foot of chemical effluent and catch discarded wellies, condoms and DDT containers.

MAYPOLING: A symbolic phallus is erected at a prominent spot in the village. Male villagers then dress in daft costumes and dance around it all day competing for the sexual favours of the 'May Queen', who 'may' or 'may' not give them one.

NEW AGE TRAVELLERS: A colourful tribe of nomadic folk who wander from police roadblock to police roadblock, distinguishable by their gaudy modes of transport, knotted hair and the suspicious aromatic smell trailing in their wake. Much loved by other country-dwellers who discharge their shotguns in joy at their every approach.

ODOUR-WAFT: Not to be confused with the above, this pastime is much-practised by pig farmers who compete with each other to see who can spread the stench of porcine shit over the greatest mileage, a practice defended by the excuse: "But it jus' be the smell o' the country, don't it?"

PENIS-WASHING: Unheard of. A myth.

QUIM-SKIMMING: Witnessed every May 6 on the millpond at Muffton St Smegma, Sussex. Unwed females of the village remove their undergarments and slide down the gnarled and knotted oak in the vicarage garden in the hope it will bring them luck in love. It doesn't, but they have plenty of fun trying.

RUTTING SEASON: The period between the end of the harvest and the opening of the pubs in which the local males attempt to couple with any passing female. Awesome feats have been known; in 1759 one Jethro Plungge of Tavistock impregnated 26 maidens, 6 widows and the village blacksmith between five and seven in the evening.

SHEEP-WORRYING: Now mostly done by dogs, though in certain areas the traditional size 14 wellington boot method still holds sway – mostly in Wales.

TUPPING OF THE MAID: An old-established tradition, still adhered to in some areas.

Shooting...

wherein the son of the local Lord/Earl/Arab Sheikh celebrates his initiation into manhood by sneaking up behind the maid while she's dusting in the Green Room and slipping her a length from behind. Traditionally followed nine months later by the more contemporary 'Denial of the Paternity Suit'.

UNDIE-COMPARING: A rite enacted by the elder women of the village after a younger, more attractive maiden is seen to fly crimson satin-look crutchless panties from her washing line. Often associated with other staples of rural life i.e. The Twitching of the Net Curtains, The Visit of the Milkman etc.

VERGE-DRAPING: A colourful year-round pastime where passing travellers attempt to add colour to the local flora by artfully festooning the byways with gaudy decorations fashioned from



sandwich wrappers, dayglo condoms, Marks & Spencer ladies underwear and so on.

WHOPPER-OGLE: A rural pub game. An impressively-mammaried young barmaid sheds her bra and veils her firm heaving appendages with the sheerest of blouses. The patrons then attempt to follow her bulging bosom from one end of the bar to other without rupture, dangerously high blood pressure or eyestrain. He who ejaculates first is deemed the loser.

X-RATED: Unseemly perversion. Sex with your wellies on.

YOKEL-RAMMING: A high-spirited game in which youths from the new urban overspill estate commandeer a Capri XLi and cruise the lanes in search of an octogenarian farmer on a 1932 tractor with a view to causing him to crash into a ditch. Oft-followed by repercussions when said farmers ten sons appear on the scene (see: Assault and Battery q.v.)

ZYDER: A foaming narcotic brew derived from apples and responsible for premature blindness, ejaculation and all of the above practices.





GWENDOLINE (22, educated at private school, single): "Being brought up in the country you can hardly avoid mingling with the horsey set, but that's just fine with me as I have a passion for riding and try to get into the saddle as often as my job in Leicester allows me. The people I hang around with aren't the real upper crust, more your Young Farmers types – I suppose some would call them 'Hooray Henrys', but they're nothing like that at all."

"Well, like I said, horse riding is my number one passion. All that about how it can turn girls on? That's all true! At least it is in my case . . . there's something about the heat of a horse underneath you and the rhythm of riding that I find impossible to resist. I don't know whether I should mention this, but I'm sure the first time I ever experienced anything like an orgasm was on horseback. It was a lovely feeling and, umm, it certainly roused my curiosity as to whether I could get the same feeling from riding men!

"We have done some crazy things, my friends and me – I recall once a little orgy occurring in the back of a Range Rover parked in a field near Wigston Parva. There were six of us, four boys and two girls and I've never had such a naughty time. The other girl, Fiona, was so drunk she passed out midway through, which meant I had all of these lovely boys to myself – at one point I was even trying to get two hard-ons in my mouth together. It really was *that* kind of night; I disgraced myself utterly . . ."

"But I wouldn't say that was my craziest night. That was after a Young Farmers' bash in Hampshire. It was held on this





Nothing like a damn good bang, eh?

Country pursuits? Well, we couldn't present this overview of rural life without mentioning that staple of country existence i.e. the sport whereby various rich types blast the hell out of innocent, defenceless little animals with large-gauge weaponry . . .

There are those namby-pamby environmental types who say that, what with one being chairman of the WWF (Why Waste Fire-power?) it is contrary to the stated goals of same for one to be seen blasting away with heavy artillery upon the grouse moors of England and Scotland every 12th of August. After all, they say, if one is truly committed to protecting wildlife is it correct that, come the eighth month of the year one should be seen unloading more ordnance than was dumped on Baghdad in order to bring down a fowl the size of a medium-sized starling? Naturally, such peacenik johnnies don't understand the true meaning of sport, which has always been to achieve the complete and utter destruction of one's opponent.

Now, I hear you say, this leads us into something of a



conundrum, does it not? – grouse not being overly equipped with twelve-bore shotguns and heat-seeking laser-guided missiles. Here, however, if grouse appear at first glance to be somewhat impoverished in terms of heavy weaponry, that's not to say they aren't working on







Stick it up yer hunt!

While the ancient pastimes of the countryside are all very well and good, there are some who feel such practices are outdated, bestial and cruel. In particular, fox-hunting has come under fire from so-called 'hunt saboteurs'. With this in mind, MO charted a typical day of 'sabbing' in the company of one such right-on Ms . . .

5.00 a.m: Return home from all-night rave in aid of armless Chilean cod-weavers with p.m. ringing in our ears. Fight the capitalist demons, brother!!!

8.20 a.m: Camper breaks down on Watford Gap slip road. Justin blames running dogs of automotive despotism at VW service garage. Forced to hitch a ride – we don't need no stinking pollution-spreading combustion!!! Get a lift from sixteen-wheeler articulated lorry carrying frozen beef. Harangue driver on the inherent injustice of the carnivore-based society only to have him comment of the attractiveness of my boobs and request shag. Give him one in the hope that interpersonal contact will lift the shackles of status quo from his mind. Result: he spunks on my arse and offers me a Rothmans.

9.45 a.m: Make contact with Sub-Cadre 'A' of the Class Action Revolutionary Committee for the Overthrow of Tyranny. His name is Julian. He has brought the aniseed drag and together we seek to subvert the cruelty of the upper echelons by laying false trails around the environs of the hunt at Little Quimbley. This will confound the fascist sexist brutes!!!

9.48 a.m: Julian wonders whether I would give him a tit-wank in the name of revolutionary comradeship.

11.15 a.m: Finally confront the murderous swines in their lair: otherwise known as the 'Pig and Whistle', Little Quimbley. Storm the front portals of their bunker waving banners and chanting anti-imperialistic slogans. A small man in tweeds informs us that the hunt was last Sunday. Damn the cunning bastards! Damn them all to hell!!!

12.00 p.m: Are joined by the fellow comrades, having fixed the fan belt of the VW camper with a passing wimmen driver's stocking. One hour debate on sexism ends with me baring my vagina in proof of my liberation from the constricted consumerist/materialistic bonds of underwear. Nearby local with eight-inch tongue volunteers to join class struggle.

2.15 p.m: Half-hour indoctrination of local in stall



of wimmens' toilet ends with orgasmic vindication of socialist principles (and copious spunking over fanny). Retire for more snakebite and contemplation of the ultimate workers' utopia.

3.30 p.m: Pub closes. Adjourn with several local man/persons to discuss the conundrum of emancipation of Peruvian doily-makers vis-a-viz the breakdown of Communism in Eastern Europe. Thorough exchange of opinions ensues, both oral and penetrative. Experience subtle transformation from calculated reason to orgasmic bliss and



waving hands in air shouting 'Pork me! Pork me!' Reject vegetarian principles in preference to carnal instincts.

7.30 p.m: Decide to settle in village and open second kiln. Contact good old Barclays Bank. Throw scuffed DMs and ripped jeans in bin. Study Laura Ashley catalogue very carefully. Phone Mummy and dearest Daddy at their fabulous country estate.





fellow's farm, he had a marquee there and the later it got the wilder things became. There were people screwing in the mud outside the tent and then the bloke whose party it was suddenly appeared on this wonderful bay mare absolutely starkers – the bloke not the horse! He wanted to know who fancied riding with him and I was the only one who said yes. I just didn't care, I stripped off and clambered up and off we went – talk something during the closed season – one constantly hears rumours concerning geese and their capacity to master the basics of thermonuclear detonation. So always follow the shooting code below:

1: Hip flasks are completely non-one: a large bottle of Glenfiddich malt warmed by the thighs of a Papua New-Guinean serving wench is highly acceptable.

2: Never aim one's shotgun at a fellow marksman – unless he is from slanty-eyed Nipponese corporation (in which case they always have about fifteen replacements back at the packed Tokyo HQ).

3: Do avoid blasting one's relatives, however much one might feel inclined to do so.

4: Never shoot representatives of the tabloid press with a twelve-bore – a 9mm Uzi will more than suffice.

5: Anyone with a beard is fair game (nine times out of ten they'll be some bally hippy environmentalist trying it on, so who cares?)

'man/person-friend' Justin. Half-hour ideological debate as to whether blow-job constitutes imperialistic male domination before reaching consensus view that sixty-nine represents ideal stasis between sexes. Make Justin go wash his cock.

7.00 a.m: Set off to contribute to struggle of indigenous fox population against fascist ruling class hegemony. We strive for the freedom of the countryside! Leave Kentish Town squat in Justin's VW Camper, pausing only to firebomb newsagent in protest at Sunday tabloid oppression of the workers. Depart with Asian owner yelling something about him working from 4 a.m. till 10.30

and faffing about..

Follow the cuntry code!!

The countryside is not one bloody great Alton towers for you townies to play around in. It's a workplace, a factory, where we farmers labour to keep anything from growing so we can get rich on fat EC subsidies. By all means enjoy the country, if you must, but do follow the Country Code – or else!

When in the country, please:
✿ Keep off of my fucking land!
✿ If walking through a shooting area, run like fuck! If you can jink and swerve as you run, do so, you'll make a more interesting target.
✿ Take your used condoms home with you! Farm animals may eat discarded rubbers, and there's nothing worse than bouncing cow shit.
✿ Use Vaseline when buggering the sheep – to do otherwise constitutes a fire risk.
✿ Don't hurl cow pats within 200 yards of a public footpath.
✿ Don't stray off public rights of way – you'll get blood all over the man traps.
✿ Beware of the Alsation – he's a German Porno star trained to fuck anything in an anorak.
✿ Ladies you are not free to bonk the bull – it's £150 a service, pay at the farmhouse.
✿ Don't screw in the woods, do it in the open where we can watch.
✿ Leave farm machinery alone. A combine is not suitable for shaving your pubes.
And finally:
✿Keep off of my fucking land!











about riding bareback! God knows how long we rode, it was so exhilarating I simply couldn't notice where we were or anything – everything was just so unreal and I was getting incredibly randy. Well, with my quim rubbing on the horse's back what do you expect? My arms were around this bloke's back and when I slid them lower I found he had the biggest erection, so I held on to that instead. As foreplay goes it was pretty unusual, but when we finally stopped right out in the middle of nowhere there was no doubting we were both up for it. I'll never forget that fuck – under a chestnut tree, in the moonlight, with the mare sweating from carrying us standing a few yards away. It was just like a dream, only . . . it wasn't!"

RACHEL (21, educated at boarding school, single): "I wasn't aware I was lesbian until I was about 17 or 18. Of course, I'd had these feelings that something was different about me. I lost my virginity at 16 to a boy from the village who'd done the same for several of the other girls at my boarding school. After that I'd had a few boyfriends, but things had never felt quite right. I knew I wanted to be with a woman sexually and it bothered me a lot, especially being a vicar's daughter."

"I was at college and during the vacation I returned home and went to work at the riding stables in the next village. That was where I met Susan. She was quite older than me, in her early thirties, tall, red-haired, very powerful and her body was so beautiful I could hardly take my eyes off her. In her riding togs she was glorious, every inch the sort of woman I'd dream about. She owned the stables with her husband and was happy to have me working there as she knew someone as mad about horses as me was just the type of person they needed."

"Anyway, the first few weeks were torture. Just being around Susan and seeing her every day was hell. I must have masturbated every night, sometimes I'd sneak off during the day – that's how bad it got. Then we had a quiet day and Susan asked me if I fancied accompanying her for a ride. We seemed to ride for hours, but all I could look at was Susan's wonderful bum there in front of me. The ache between my thighs was something chronic – I'd felt these kinds of sensations when riding before, but never quite as bad."

"Then Susan pulled up beside a stream and dismounted so the horse could drink. I followed suit and as we stood there I saw her looking at me in a funny way. I asked her what she was looking at and that's when she dropped the bombshell and told me she suspected I fancied her.

"I just went scarlet, which gave the game away instantly, but Susan didn't seem in the least offended. She just asked, 'Is this a crush, or do you really prefer women?' I don't know what I said, but I remember her taking me into her arms and kissing me full on the mouth, really hard – I'll never forget it.









Flaunting your tackle!

Avon calling! And down in the West Country strange carnal capers are afloat as MO investigates a controversy that is threatening to rock the sleepy world of angling to its very foundations.



"Everything happened so naturally – Susan undressed me, we lay down in the meadow grass and I closed my eyes as she started to kiss me all over, taking my nipples into her mouth and giving them each a long slow lingering suck before she moved lower to where I'd already parted my thighs in readiness. As she made love to me with her lips and tongue I had to pinch myself to convince myself it was happening – she *was* married, after all! But it was happening, my orgasm told me that. As Susan steadily tongued my clitoris, my bum arched off the grass and I felt feelings I'd never felt before. Yes, the earth really *did* move!"

"Then she took me in her arms and we rolled together in the grass. The next thing I knew I was doing it for her and her body was everything I ever imagined, soft and sensual, literally the woman of my fantasies. Now I knew what I was and, to be honest, I have to say that it was the best day of my whole life so far . . ."



It's everyone's idea of rural bliss: a lazy warm afternoon, the chiming of a distant church bell, the gentle bobbing of the punt in the tranquil waters of some isolated stretch of river . . . and a gorgeously naked, full-breasted seductress fiddling with your tackle.

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But in the depths of the Gloucestershire countryside this fantasy comes to life as stunning auburn-haired temptress, Rita Rudd, indulges in her most personal fantasy: nude fishing.

"It began with my late husband, Bud," reveals the 24-year-old housewife from the small village of Mango Chutney, "He was a keen fisherman and many was the time we'd spend a relaxing day on the lower reaches of the Avon, me reclining aft in the nuddy save for my waders while Bud dangled his tackle in the water, hoping for a nibble."

Rita and Bud's carnal angling antics were not, however, merely confined to themselves. "Oh no, many was the time we'd drift along and happen upon some fellow anglers," Rita continues. "They were usually most delighted to see us. After staring at the same stretch of water for hours on end it made a pleasant break in the routine to see a punt go past bearing a couple in full sexual congress, including oral, soixante-neuf and occasionally kinky frolics involving a catch net and a thermos of chocolate milkshake. Some would even join in – I shall certainly never forget that afternoon of hedonistic pleasure just south of Nether Stoppinham with two wonderful joiners from Saltcoats. Not only did I achieve full vaginal and clitoral orgasm more times than I can remember, but Bud also reeled in a 12lb carp, which we then mounted . . . in the bathroom."

However, Rita and Bud's porny punting pleasures were to lead to tragedy. "It was two years ago last August," recalls Rita. "Bud and I were floating along a tributary of the Severn practising mutual masturbation when, without warning, a fisherman on the far bank cast his line across our bows. He was using the newfangled triple-sharpened titanium hook and the results were disastrous. I was experiencing my third orgasm when I heard Bud scream in a curiously high-pitched tone and opened my eyes just in time to see him disappear over the side member first, as the angler, thinking he had got a bite, reeled him in. Alas, Bud became caught in a freak whirlpool and the undercurrent took him all the way down to the Severn Bore."

But this tragic incident has not dampened Rita's enthusiasm for riverborne rumpo. Far from it: "I know that Bud would be delighted to see I'm carrying on our most favourite pastime," she tells us. "I often heave to at a secluded bank to chat with my pals, share coffee, hints on bait and three-way genital stimulation. They like to display their rods to me and, likewise, I love to test the tautness of their line. If, as they say, angling is Britain's number one sport then I like to think I'm combining it with the number two favourite!"



Rita's fondness for fishing fun, though, is not universally appreciated. Syd 'Galoshes' Lomax, President of the Avon and Somerset Angling & Shove Ha'penny Society, is on record as condemning Rita as 'a menace to all decent fishermen': "It's all very well 'n' good for this bit o' bum to come floating down the river on 'er punt, a-flauntin' of 'er parts," he fumed, "but some o' us see angling as a relaxing occupation, a time for calm meditation on life, the cosmos an' the miserable fortunes of Bristol Rovers. Besides, Mrs Rudd's condoms are a positive hazard to the Bream population an' the less said 'bout her use o' battery-operated g-spot stimulation devices the better."





...in the country

Polo: the mount with the hole!!!

The pastime of the jet-set, sport of princes, kings and upwardly-mobile used car salesmen, polo is the sport that's guaranteed to get you column inches in 'Tatler' but very little else, really. So we spoke to that doyen of the polo crowd, JOLLY SOOPER, and asked her: what's so exciting about the people who play the sport of princes, prats and Argentinians . . ?

Well, dahlings, Polo is such a wonderfully glamorous sport you couldn't even begin to



imagine how wonderfully glamorous the people are you meet, you know? I mean, there you are, in your Barrett homes, eating your TV dinners . . . how could you even think of mixing with such wonderful people, such glitteratii, such . . . *(get the hell on with it! – Ed.)*

Well dahlings let one tell you about the sort of wonderful people who play it shall we? Lots are my friends and they're rich and so utterly fabulous . . .

PRINCE STONKAH OF WING-WANG: tall, dark and handsome like a glass of Camp coffee; has a twenty-inch pecker and a tongue to match; is fabulously wealthy and ever so dreamy . . .

Is based upon: *Crown*



Prince Shabbi-Arse of Grottonia: shortarse prick from some flyblown Arabian potentate; has a dick visible only under an electron microscope; is skint and only propped up by Saudi aid money and has all the charm of Herman Goering in a PVC micro-mini.

THE HON. JESSICA DARKE-SLITTE: Sweet alluring flower of English womanhood; skin like satin alabaster; possessed of virtue unbounded; lives in a fantastically wonderful mansion in Hertfordshire; rides to hounds every second Sunday in winter.

Is based upon: *Fellatio de Bunqe-Up: raddled anorexic bint with congenital acne and chronic halitosis; skin like a leprous alligator; shags everything in trousers from the gardener to the septuagenarian who collects the pools coupons; lives in a condemned semi in Hatfield; rides the local rugby club third XV whenever they're feeling generous.*

ALGERNON THRUSTING-PARRT: A vigorous, dynamic thrusting young Turk in the City; earned millions in the Big Bang; sends debutantes into



realms of sexual ecstasy simply by entering the room; hair long, black and flowing; eyes flashing, dark and beguiling; capable of astonishing feats of sexual endurance.

Is based upon: *Wayne Smegge: Junior-junior-junior partner in abysmal stockbroking firm Wank, Wank & Jerk; earned £2.50 in 22.5 point pools win; sends debutantes reeling with pungent body odour; hair greasy, lank and receding; eyes permanently red-rimmed and myopic; sexual best: 9.693 seconds.*







LADY EMILIA DE QUIMJOOSE: Sensual elder woman able to captivate men many years her junior; married to fantastically wealthy Lord Quimjoose, owner of vast multinational conglomerate; has series of affairs with handsome studs of all nations; stars in Hollywood epics based on the books of Jackie Collins; dines on nothing but caviar and champagne.

Is based upon: *Lady Fiona Fetid-Flappes: Geriatric maven from whom men run screaming; married to Lord Fetid-Flappes, the bankrupt proprietor of 'Moulds Fruit 'n' Veg Emporium'; had brief fling with one-eyed council roadsweeper back in 1975; once starred in 'A Taste Of Cunny' (dir: Albert Raincoat, Denmark, 1963); eats Bachelors mushy peas, McCain's oven chips and guzzles stout by the gallon.*

. . . And that, dahlings, is just a teensy taste of the wonderful people who play Polo!





I often get a roddy when I view a gel in joddys!

The Psychology of the Jodhpur explained. *MAJOR-GENERAL WAPSHOTT TREWS-TITELY, an expert in jodhpur analysis since 1956, gives his expert opinion . . .*

Firstly, let me state categorically that there is nothing *remotely* arousing about the female posterior encased in a well-cut set of joddies. It is only the insufferable ravings of perverts, deviants and chaps whose Burberrys cover their private parts in a suspect fashion that have created this myth, sullying the perfectly healthy outdoor activity of female equestrianism with their degenerate droolings. Get a lot of 'em at the annual village gymkhana, we do – usually they desist after a few jabs of a shooting stick.

No, the beauty of the classic joddie is in its design: its thin, elastic fabric enables the lady rider to grip her mount securely between her thighs and thus exert greater control over the mighty steed beneath her. And that is all – there is not a scintilla of truth in the myth that the female somehow derives carnal pleasure from the constant buffing of her pudenda upon the riding-seat causing her to surrender wholly to the intoxicating thrust of her mount panting tirelessly between her thighs as she scales the peak towards pure unbridled ecstasy. Ahem.

Not a jot of truth; good clean country air is what makes their faces look so flushed after a long hard gallop in the saddle. There is absolutely no reason at all for one to express the opinion that such buttocks should be splayed across the knee, wriggling helplessly as one mercilessly belabours those exquisite nates with the open palm prior to slipping one's hand lower to encup the moist mound of the lady's trembling twottie as the crutch of her joddies squirm intoxicatingly against the fierce towering slab of the male's manhood . . .

Ahem. Erm. Yes.

For, as every country-born fellow knows, the jodhpur only fulfils one function – it makes the lady's bottom resemble quite accurately the arse of the horse. I rest my face . . .



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK GURGUL

HUNTING PINK















Sharon is one of those girls who'd rather have a first class horse between her legs than a second class man. A lot of girls say that – only to stand the poor bloody horse up the moment any man at all deigns to skin his skin-tight jodhpurs over the hard bulge of his humungous wallet.
See it all the time at local hunt meets, abandoned horses knocking back the stirrup cup and looking at their watches every ten seconds waiting for their easy riders to show.
Not Sharon. She's completely sold on wrapping her long legs around hot sweaty flesh and grinding her pussy against hard pumping muscle for hours at a time. She keeps going until she's bright-eyed, gasping, wet with sweat and utterly satisfied.
And she likes riding her horses too, of course.
So, is a good gallop sexually exciting?
"Of course not!" she says sternly. "Would all us respectable women enjoy riding if it was?"
And then she sniggers girlishly, struggling out of her hunting pink and giving herself a jokey tap across her tight little bottom with her leather hunting crop.
"Ow! Bugger!", she yells, catching herself a bit harder than she expected. "I'll never use one of those on a horse again, they don't half sting!"
And she gallops off into a lather of erotic posing, horny enough to drain a stud farm (32C-23-37).













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blah!

continued from page 42

goes on to imagine what the model would do next.

Talk about sticky fingers! And the fucking and sucking that follows is really great!

Suzanne could be a model, I reckon. She's a tall slim blonde, with really great legs, nice tip-tilted tits (36C-24-36) and really long pussy lips that kind of hang down when she's horny and look absolutely fantastic when she spreads them. Talk about pink!

I don't claim any great sensitivity, but it soon became obvious to me that my fantasies weren't sexy enough for her. Suzy seemed to be wanting more. But I didn't know what.

So I hit on this idea, next time she lost a game, of making her decide what her forfeit should be.

She didn't want to do it, I don't think she wanted to let me know quite how sexy she was, and she had two or three goes at it. But in the end she handed me an envelope with her idea inside. She blushed all over just thinking about it, a great red flush running down her face and neck and spreading all over her tits.

Of course I wanted to open it right away, but she said no. Writing it out was the forfeit, she said. She'd only actually do it if she lost again.

And she stopped losing! I was beginning to wonder what was in there, she played with such intensity. I even caught her cheating once or twice.

Well two can play at that game! I rigged a pack of cards and bingo, the envelope was opened. Frankly I was gobsmacked by her idea. It was what I would have asked her to do if I'd had the bottle.

So the result was she dressed in all her prettiest stuff. Little white lacy bra I bought her, tight blouse, her ultra-short leather miniskirt, black stocking, bright red suspenders and nothing else.

She left her knickers off and we went shopping!



I tell you, I walked down to the shopping mall with a chronic hard on and my blood pumping in my ears. I thought I might have a stroke I was so excited.

Not many guys get that turned-on going shopping with their ladies, but she had no knickers on and we were going shopping for the biggest cucumber we could find! Get the idea?

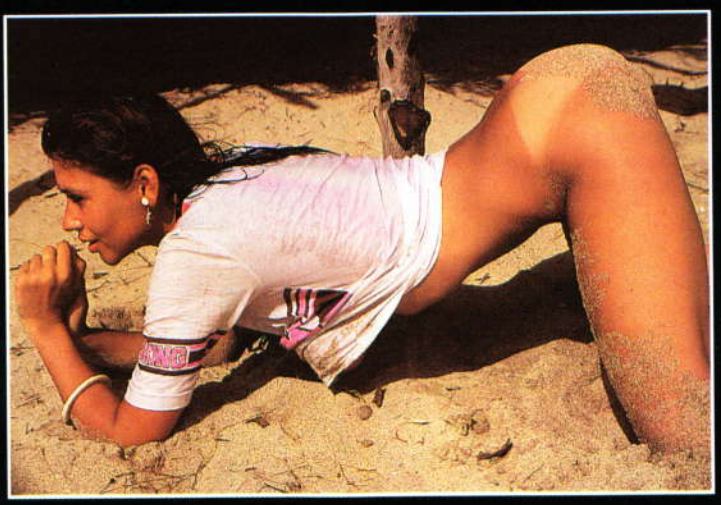
The mall we go to is one of the biggest shopping centres in Britain and there are all kinds of supermarkets and vegetable shops. We had to go to every one, measuring cucumbers surreptitiously (by the length of her hand and by how much she couldn't get her hand around them).

I was making a note of these rough measurements in a shaky hand, because between

continued on page 98










We all know there's nobody randier than the British woman looking for a good bonking, and *Men Only's* Private Parts is where you get the full, uncensored truth! The next 12 pages are the exclusive work of our female readership, brought to life in all their horny glory. So if you want to share your most exquisitely dirty experiences with almost a million readers, write to Private Parts, Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF.

twin peeks!

Name: *Karen*
Age: *27*
Hometown: *Finedon*
Occupation: *Factory worker*
Marital Status: *Married*

I've seen a lot of letters in 'Private Parts' lately concerning couples who are into sexy photography. My husband and me have recently discovered the fun you can have doing this kind of thing and thought we'd tell you how we go about it.

We like to set up various sexy situations where Pete can hide so I don't know he's there. Sometimes I'll sit in the front room all dressed up in my tartiest gear while he hides. His camera has an ulta-quiet shutter so he can often take pictures without me even knowing!



What I do is walk around the house, playing with myself or using my wide collection of sex toys. I always leave doors ajar so that Pete can sneak up and snap pictures without me being aware. The results are highly erotic to us and it turns me on knowing I'm being watched as I do these incredibly dirty things to myself. My fave picture so far is one that Pete took peeking around the bedroom door to catch me sitting on the edge of the bed, pumping a huge vibrator in and out of my pussy and raising one tit to my lips to suck it at the same time. I look ever so aroused (but then I was!) and it gets me incredibly juiced up just to look at it.

Our next ambition, and one we've discussed at length, is for me to bring another man back home and screw him all over the house while Pete captures it on film. He's highly agreeable to the idea and I can hardly wait to put it into practice. I'm keen as mustard to see a picture of me full with some huge strangers cock!





pooltime pussy

Name: *Isabelle*
Age: *25*
Hometown: *Birmingham*
Occupation: *Receptionist*
Marital Status: *Married*

Never marry a builder! When my husband, Brian, decided he was going to put a swimming pool in the back garden I was naturally delighted – one up on all the other houses in the road! Mind you, I never expected the 'grand opening' would lead to the hi-jinks that it did. Not that I'm annoyed about it though. On the contrary, I was delighted!

We've never been shy when it comes to sex, Brian and me. We're well into any naughty stuff and have done our fair share of swapping and gone to a few orgies in our five years together. We reckon it keeps things fresh, plus it gets us ever so turned-on. I know what a stud Bri is (well he has got eight inches!) so when I see him screwing some lucky wife I know what a good time she's having and likewise he loves to watch me get a proper stuffing, too – the more blokes the merrier!

But the 'pool party' was, I thought, going to be a respectable affair, just a few of our friends, a barbecue, you know the kind of thing. But as the afternoon rolled on and the wine began to flow it became patently obvious that this was going to end up as one of 'those' parties.

The first inklings of that came when I popped into the kitchen to get another bottle of Chianti from the fridge and found Eddie, one of Bri's mates, getting up to no good with Trish, a blonde-haired girl who was married to Phil (another of our circle). She certainly wasn't behaving like a good wife with her bikini top down to expose her freckled boobs and giggling like crazy as Eddie rubbed her nipples stiff with his frosty beer can. "You dirty buggers!" I exclaimed, "Are you trying to turn this into an orgy?"

"Aw, c'mon, Isabelle!" replied Eddie. "You oughta see what Phil's up to with my girl behind the shed."

"Getting shagged silly!" Trish informed me, reaching down and lewdly rubbing her hand over the bulge of Eddie's crotch. "So I thought I'd get me a bit of the action." Her hand squeezed Eddie's prominent bulge. "I tell you what, I can't wait to get my lips round this sod!"

I left them to it and went back outside. By now, everyone was getting rather merry and a few were already splashing around in the pool. Just then Brian appeared at my shoulder. "Going to give it a try?" he said. "The water's lovely."

I decided I would and quickly threw off my wraparound and leapt in. The water was perfect and after executing a few leisurely lengths, I trod water and watched our guests cavorting around. I had my back against the pool edge so I was very surprised when a pair of hands crept around me from behind and, with no warning whatsoever, whipped off my top and bared my 35D boobs to all and sundry!

'It wasn't easy getting tongue-fucked at one end while gobbling a hugely-hard cock at the other . . .'



"You sod!" I howled, turning around to see Brian standing there with a dirty great grin from ear to ear. "C'mon, Izz!" he said, dangling my top between his fingers, "you know you love showing off your assets. Gets me going, too." he added. "Especially when your nipples are all crinkled up like that."

I glanced down and saw my nipples standing up like thimbles. Blimey, maybe hearing about all the nookie that was going on had had an effect! All of sudden I began to feel incredibly randy and all manner of naughty possibilities started to fill my head. Well, if Bri wanted this party to get fruity I for one wasn't going to complain!



At that precise moment Ryan swam past. Ryan was one of the lads Brian had got to work on putting in the pool and I remembered very clearly the thoughts I'd had watching him sweat away in the sun with his muscles gleaming and his packet filling out those tight jeans. Now here he was in just his swimming trunks and he looked even better – what a fine place to start!

"Hey, Ryan," I called out, making his head turn. "How's about coming here and showing me your breaststroke?" As I said that, I made my boobs jiggle enticingly, with the result that Ryan was beside me in an instant, his hands on my boobs even quicker!

"You know, I was dreaming of this every day I was round here putting this pool in," he said as his fingers squeezed my tit-flesh and plucked at my nipples, "I would've died for the chance to slip you my length."

My hand slid below the waterline to cop a feel of his donger. He was half-hard already and getting harder with every stroke of my fingers along his length. "You should have come up and seen me." I giggled, pulling down the waistband of his trunks so I could feel right round his hardening cock, "I'd have given you a very warm welcome."

Ryan was already exploring the contents of my bikini bottoms. I gasped as he slipped me a finger. "That's a warm enough welcome, Isabelle," he smiled, sliding his finger deep into my cunt and rubbing my clitty with his thumb. "Just so long as Brian don't mind."

I glanced to the barbecue. My husband wasn't minding one little bit – no, he was too occupied talking to Sasha, this big-boobed brunette from down the road. If his tongue dropped out any more he ran a serious risk of losing it down the front of her bikini!

I pulled Ryan's head up from my chest where he was busily sucking on my stiff nipples. "You're good



with your tongue, aren't you?" I said cheekily. "I wonder what it could do with a pussy?"

Ryan's hands went under my bum and lifted me clear from the water, perching my backside on the edge of the pool. Without a moment's hesitation the bottoms of my bikini were eased off me and Ryan was gazing directly at my twinkling twottie and its neatly-trimmed muff.

"Mmmm!" he grinned, "don't mind if I do!" His tongue slid upward into my cleft, dragging my petals apart as he proved that, builder's labourer he might be, he wasn't a fool when it came to eating pussy. I groaned with pleasure as his tongue flicked against the underside of my clit, spreading my thighs wider and wider to give him more access to my sensitive snatch. "Bloody hell, Ryan!" I gasped as his clit-teasing became more and more pleasurable. "You're not bad! Not bad at all!"

"He's a muff-diver alright!" said a voice above me. I opened my eyes and saw John standing over me. John was another of Brian's building buddies, but I'd never seen him like this before. I was looking directly up between his legs, straight at the big stiff ridge outlined perfectly in his trunks. "I see your old man's not slow to get his." he said meaningfully, jerking his head towards where – when I looked – my Brian was having a bloody good wallow in Sasha's huge boobies. He looked happy enough, so I felt nothing wrong with grabbing John's huge meat – now I knew why they called him 'Big' John!

"Christ, yeah!" John muttered as he crouched beside my head and let me go to town on his tool, "Fucking hell!" It wasn't easy laying half-in, half-out of the pool getting tongue-fucked at one end while gobbling a hugely-hard cock at the other, but when you're as ready for it as I was I suppose you can do anything. Certainly I was doing my thing on John, because it wasn't long before he yelled out he was coming and I caught his thick creamy sperm as it pumped out on to my tongue. I pulled away and let the rest spurt over my tits as Ryan's cunt-licking finally did the trick and I was gasping and groaning my way to a really intense orgasm.

It was getting dark and chilly so the party adjourned indoors. I hurried up to the bedroom and changed into my sexy fishnet undies. Eddie was fucking Trish on the bed as I changed and I was so turned on I had a nice juicy frig before hurrying downstairs to join in the fun. And



what fun it was! I lost count of how much I sucked and fucked that night, though I remember Big John doing me from behind and making me climax over and over again while I blow-jobbed young Ryan 'til he spurted the lot down my throat. After that it was sexual oblivion until the wee small hours, when I finally crashed out, exhausted but really, really satisfied!

Now Brian's talking of installing a jacuzzi. I hope he hurries up with it – I can't wait for the 'grand opening' of that! .





bottom to the top!

Name: *Vicky*
Age: *20*
Hometown: *Northwich*
Occupation: *Shop Assistant*
Marital Status: *Single*

I'm being boastful when I say I think I have a lovely bottom. For one thing, all the blokes I've ever had going after me have always commented on the loveliness of my bum – they go crazy about the size and shape of it, how round and firm it is and so on, but then I don't care. You see, I adore all the attention I get and that's why I always dress to emphasize my best points, wearing skirts that cling to my peachy bottom and allow me to wiggle when I walk in high heels. It never fails to attract loads of wolf-whistles and sometimes, like in this case, leads me into some ever so naughty situations!

The manager of the store where I work (I can't tell you the name as I'd get into a lot of trouble) is this fella called James. He's not as old as the usual manager you get there – only in his early 30s and quite good-looking. He's got such a lovely way, you know, always flirting with us assistants and telling us how wonderful we are. So when he told us about the Christmas party this year we were all really keen to go and let our hair down.

'. . . He dragged his tongue upwards to bury it in the silky folds of my pussymound . . .'

The party was being held in the staff canteen above the store. Everything was laid on and even the booze was free. I was wearing my usual bum-flaunting clobber – a tight silky dress that really showed it off. I had stockings and sussies underneath because I always feel sexy at parties, so while I was doing my stuff out on the dance floor I was well aware of all the lusty looks I was getting from the lads around the room. But there was one man there I was especially aware of giving my the eye – James, my boss! What made it even more kinky was that he wasn't there on his own. His wife, Lisa, was there too!

I could see instantly why he'd gone for her. She was very good-looking – tall, with long dark hair and a handsome face. And what a body! Big boobs and a lovely bum, I almost felt jealous, but then with a missus like her, why was James so obviously lusting after me?

It was getting on when I strolled down to the loo to powder my nose and fix my make-up. I wasn't thinking about getting off with James at all, in fact, I was thinking more about Rod, one of the departmental managers. But when I came back along the corridor who should I bump into but James, standing outside his office door smoking a fag?

When he saw me he immediately stubbed it out. "I was looking for you, Vicky," he said. For some reason, I came back with: "I can see that – you haven't taken your eyes off my bum all night. And your wife's here, too!"

James grinned. "It's a gorgeous bum," he shrugged, "and anyway, there's things you don't know about Lisa. She doesn't mind me having a bit on the side."

That changed the way I saw things. The second he said that I couldn't help but think: well, maybe I could have a quick fling here. Seeing James stood there looking so cool had certainly raised my temperature and then he made things even worse . . .

"See this, Vicky?" He was dangling a key between his fingers, "it's the only one, so if you ever feel like using my office for a while . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished, but there wasn't much more to be said. Wow, this would be really wicked – bonking the boss with his wife just down the corridor. The thrill of it made me tingle all over.

"Okay," I said, "but don't tell anyone, will you?"

With the door locked securely behind us we were soon necking away over his desk. "What an arse!" breathed James as his hands roamed all over my bum. He slid my dress up





said you had the only key!"

"I do!" he gasped back, but it was too late. The door opened and closed quickly and when I found the courage to open my eyes I realised it was exactly the one person I'd feared it would be . . .

Lisa didn't look like she was going to kill me straight away, though. Instead, she just stared coolly at the sight of me bent over her hubby's desk flaunting my bum and her old man kneeling between my widely spread legs, his head at the top of my thighs, close to my pussy.

"Well, well," she chuckled. "So that sweet little bum was too much to resist was it, eh?"

I was mortified. "I'm sorry!" I blurted out, "I never meant to – I just, well . . ." My voice ran out as I ran out of excuses. But if I was scared that this woman was about to inflict some awful revenge on me, then what happened next completely knocked me for six!

"That's alright, Vicky," said Lisa, "I can understand. James is a very handsome man . . ." She paused and over it and was delighted to find I was wearing stockings instead of tights. "Very sexy," he commented, sliding down my knickers and having a good feel of my bum. "Can I kiss it?" I nodded my approval. "Lean over the desk then, Vicky."

Giggling at the sheer naughtiness of it all, I bent over the desk and stuck out my behind. James' hands smoothed all over my silky bum-flesh, making me feel all goosebumpy. Then he crouched down and I felt his tongue licking over every inch of my buttocks, kissing them hotly before dragging his tongue lower and then upwards to bury it in the silky folds of my pussy mound. Ooooo! Did that feel good, and my thighs spread wider



'Alright then," I told Lisa, "lick me out – put your tongue right up me . . .'

and wider as James licked me wonderfully from behind. Pretty soon I felt my juices starting to gush from my crack and I gripped the edge of the table even harder.

"Oh yes!" I moaned, delighted. "You're going to make me come!"

And he did, his tongue licking even harder as my pussy convulsed and my head went all dizzy. I was still in the throes of my orgasm when, to my horror, I heard the distinct rattling of a key in the lock of the office door.

"James!" I gasped, "I thought you came closer. "And you, Vicky," she continued, "are ever such a pretty and desirable girl."

I blinked in surprise, not because of what she'd said, but at what she was doing. Her elegant hand was on my bum, stroking it softly, stroking it in a way that felt, well, *nice* . . .

"When I saw my husband licking your pussy," Lisa went on, "my first thought wasn't to be angry with you – Oh no, the first thing I thought was: I wish that was me doing that."

Now her fingers were really finding the mark and then it dawned on me that this might not have been as spontaneous as it seemed. No, this was a definite setup. Now I knew exactly what James had meant when he'd said there were things I 'didn't know' about Lisa.

I glanced over my shoulder just as Lisa unzipped her dress. Underneath she was naked, her tits jutting fiercely forward. "Please, Vicky," she breathed, "tell me to eat your pussy – tell me to make you come!"

She kneeled down in front of me and I could feel her hot breath on my already-sensitive pussy. As she awaited my reply, James almost casually tugged down his zipper and freed the largest, best-looking cock I've ever seen and began to stroke it teasingly in front of me.

That sealed it for me. "Alright then," I told Lisa, "lick me out – put your tongue right up me."

This was the kinkiest thing I'd ever done, but it was such a turn-on. This woman who only a few minutes ago I'd feared was begging to lick me and I was telling her to do just that! James took hold of my feet and draped them over Lisa's shoulders as Lisa leaned forward and buried her face in my musky slit, her tongue pushing deep between my lips and expertly coaxing my clit back to full hardness before she began to jab at it repeatedly with the tip, giving head even better than her husband!

As my orgasm flooded through me I found James utterly naked behind me, manoeuvring me on to his upstanding erection. I straddled him easily, my wet pussy eagerly swallowing his cock. Then, as I started to bounce up and down on it that clit-loving wife of his leaned forward and continued to tease and probe my love-button as I made full use of her husband's lovely prick. My orgasms came thick and fast, and James was getting close. As he called out he was about to shoot his load, I wriggled off his cock and wanked his spunk right into Lisa's waiting mouth. She couldn't catch it all and much of it went over her face, neck and tits, but I guess that was exactly how she wanted it.

I could tell you more – about the sexy sessions I've enjoyed with this couple since, even about my recent promotion, but I'll leave you with that first horny experience. After all, it wasn't something that happens every day of the week, was it?





blackbelt bonk

Name: *Fiona*
Age: *22*
Hometown: *Boreham Wood*
Occupation: *Clerical Officer*
Marital Status: *Engaged*

I took up martial arts when I was a teenager, but much as I enjoyed doing it my interest sort of waned a little when I discovered that I could have just as much fun and get just as much exercise through 'working out' with the good-looking lads in the neighbourhood – plus you didn't get quite as many bruises!

But recently I broke up with my latest boyfriend after a series of furious rows, culminating with him accusing me of being 'out of shape'. Well, I was so furious I suddenly remembered my karate skills and in the red haze that followed somehow managed to break his nose! Of course, there was no chance of a reconciliation after that, but if one good thing came out of it all it was that I was determined to take up where I left off. I quickly enrolled at my local gym and pretty soon I was back to my old fit best.

In fact I was better than before, much more dedicated. Often I'd spend hours there, well after everyone else had left. It was on one such occasion I met Clive.

I hadn't met him before but the



word going around the changing room was that he was pretty hot shit, but somehow our paths never crossed – until that night when, as usual, most people had left and I was still there, working on my technique.

"Not bad," an appreciative voice behind me said, "for a girl."

Now one thing about karate is that it sure gets your energy levels right up – your aggression, too! I whirled around. "Sexist twat!" I snarled, before I'd even realised who it was, "I bet you think women shouldn't be doing this, don't you?"





launching into another attack. This time I caught him just right – or just wrong. My heel went right into his balls and down he went, moaning in agony. Immediately, my anger evaporated. "God, I'm sorry!" I apologised, "I just got a bit too carried away."

"That's okay," grimaced Clive. "My fault for winding you up – I'll be fine in a minute. But we'd better call it a day, huh?"

"Right," I nodded, unable to think what to say, "I'll, erm, hit the showers."

As the water cascaded down over my body I couldn't help but regret what I'd done. Supposing I'd caused him permanent damage? And what a hunk he was, too – I mean, that ripplingly-muscled body

'His huge tool powered into my sopping quim, filling it to the hilt in one thrust . . .'

"Alright," I replied nonchalantly, "I'll give you a go."

We faced up to one another. I made the first move, but he parried effortlessly. I could see I was going to have to try harder. WHAM! I exploded with a flurry of kicks that caught him quite off-guard. He definitely didn't expect that and, stung into action, replied with a series of moves that certainly showed me who was the boss. But I wasn't giving up that easy and went on the offensive again catching him with a few good ones. This went on for some time and pretty soon I was beginning to tire. "Knackered, are we?" he goaded me, grinning maddeningly. "Can't keep up with the pace?"

"Okay, you bastard!" I growled, in full cry had been quite a sight. There's something very intimate about karate – almost like fucking. In those few minutes I'd been in action with Clive I'd been very aware of . . . well, a *feeling*.

God, I felt horny all of a sudden! Maybe it was the surge of endorphin, but suddenly my body felt electrified. The water flowing over my breasts made my nipples feel incredibly sensitised. I wanted to touch my clit, I wanted to . . .

"There any soap in here?" From around the door I heard Clive's voice calling. Well, if I fancied getting more intimate with him what better chance had I than now. "I've got some here," I called out. "You can come in, I'm decent." Of course, that last bit was a total lie!

In wandered Clive, nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. When he saw me naked under the shower he stopped dead and just stared. "Oh Jesus!" he breathed, "What a body!"

If he was impressed then I was stunned – every inch of him was perfect. But then, I couldn't see all of him . . . yet!

"How's your tackle, Clive?" I grinned, leaning back against the shower wall and running my fingers through my damp muff "Still aching is it?"

He eyed me with obvious desire. "Aching even more now," he replied. I raised and eyebrow. "Why don't you join me?" I suggested. "Maybe I could kiss it better for you."

He didn't need asking twice and stepped in with me. I reached down and pulled away the towel. It was big, very big, and getting bigger by the second. I crouched down and smoothed my palms along it, watching it swell 'til there was a positive monster rearing up in front of my face. "Wow, what a treat!" I breathed, parting my lips and taking the first few inches into my mouth, rolling my tongue around it. I let him slip out of my mouth. "Is that the right way to kiss it better?" I asked him, swiping my tongue over his hugely-swollen glans. He nodded yes, dumbstruck by the wonderful sensations I was endowing on his meat. The harder I sucked the more the ache in my quim increased until I needed this beast in my pussy and on the double!

"C'mon, Clive!" I murmured, standing up and bracing myself against the shower wall with my legs apart and my arse jutting out in open invitation, "let's see if you fuck as well as you fight!"

It was a challenge as much as an offer and Clive, for all his wounded pride, accepted it readily. His huge tool powered into my sopping quim, filling me to the hilt in one thrust. After that, it was sheer hot sex all the way, both of us screwing furiously, straining for maximum pleasure as my pussy responded to his stud-fucking onslaught by spasming wildly on every lunge of his mighty cock. "Do it! Do it harder!!" I urged him, wrapping my arms around his broad shoulders and lifting myself clear of the shower floor so it was only Clive's hands under my arse supporting me. "Oh yes!" I cried, "Oh fuck me! fuck me! FUCK ME!!! Ohhhhh . . ."

And we came together, my shrill cries echoing around the shower room as Clive's cock erupted what felt like a quart of steaming hot spunk into my convulsing cunt. Even a few hours later my pussy was still throbbing like mad!

He's my regular practice partner now, though since we announced our engagement we get to practice in far more suitable locations – like in our bedroom, though we still fuck in the shower now and then . . . just for old times sake!

I stopped. This must have been Clive and, what was more, it wasn't that clever a move giving lip to a guy like this! He must have been 6'6" if he was an inch and even in his loose-fitting robe it was obvious his body was as powerful as it could get. However, he didn't seem too fazed by my defiance, just grinning. "You're pretty hot," he smiled, "fancy practising a few moves with me?"

Why not? You didn't get better by taking on players inferior to yourself after all, and this Clive was a definite challenge. I nodded.









arse with class!

Name: *Serena*
Age: *24*
Hometown: *Cambridge*
Occupation: *Receptionist*
Marital Status: *Single*

Looking at my pictures you'd get the impression I was pretty well-bred and refined. You'd be right, I was certainly *born* a lady, but when it comes to my behaviour in my private life I'm anything *but* ladylike!

Sex – that's my passion and where better to tell all than in my favourite magazine, *Men Only*? If I added up the amount of cock I've had in inches it would run into miles, I'm sure! Not content with just one man at a time, I prefer threesomes – more cock for my hungry pussy! But even I, sex queen *par excellence* as I am, occasionally meet my match . . .

Sasha and Robin own the art gallery where I work and, from the time my friend Ffyona introduced us, I had the feeling that this couple were a sexy pair. Sasha was in her 30s, tall, slim and elegant with flowing raven-black hair, while Robin was older but very handsome, and a fine body. They took me on and seemed to give me loads of leeway, though I did think I'd get in trouble the time they wandered in one afternoon when I was humping their latest star artist over the office desk. But no – Robin merely raised an eyebrow while Sasha made some comment about me 'sapping his creative juices' and then they left me to it and never mentioned the incident again until the night after a particularly big opening as we were tidying up. I was wearing my





'I watched Sasha drop to her knees in front of him and take that big tool between her lips . . .'



classy little black number with a basque underneath to which my sussies were clipped. The dress was pretty short and when I bent down to pick up a few empty bottles I heard Sasha give a low whistle of appreciation. Glancing over my shoulder I realised she was gazing right up my skirt at my arse and my sussies stretched right over my creamy thighs.

"I shouldn't let Robin see you like that," she told me, "he's nutty for sexy undies. Makes me wear them all the time . . . Look!"

And she raised up her skirt and showed me what she was wearing underneath. Sumptuous seamed stockings clipped to a delicate lacy garter belt and . . . no knickers! Her neatly-trimmed twatty winked at me as Sasha sat back on a nearby desk still baring her twat, a serene smile on her face. "He likes me wearing no panties, too." she informed me. "Says it means he has access at all times."

Just then Robin walked into the room. He stopped, seeing his wife's naked bush. "Well well, Sasha," he drawled. "Flashing your pussy at the staff, eh? If I didn't know better I'd swear you were trying to turn her on."

Sasha grinned and dropped her hands between her thighs to gently caress her cunny. "I'm pretty sure it's turning *you* on, Robin," she giggled, "it doesn't take much for you to get excited, now does it?"

Robin smiled and nodded, moving over to join his wife. As I watched, her hand went straight to her hubby's crotch and, without any preamble, deftly unzipped him, reached inside and tugged his cock free. I gasped – even half-hard Robin was pretty big and as Sasha's fingers smoothed along its length I saw him grow even bigger. "Umm, lovely darling!" Sasha sighed, "I think I'll have to give it a little suck."

My eyes must have been huge as I watched Sasha drop to her knees in front of him and take that big tool between her lips. As outrageous as this was, I couldn't help being aroused. A big cock was a big cock – even if it did belong to my boss! Sasha extracted Robin's prick from her mouth and rubbed it all over her face while staring right at me. "Care to join me, Serena?" she enquired, "I won't mind one bit."

Dumbly, I hurried over and crouched beside her as Sasha guided Robin's cock between my lips. He tasted of man, all hot and salty and I couldn't resist pulling out all my tricks, swirling my tongue around his veiny shaft to make it twitch and judder in my mouth. "She's good, darling," murmured Robin, "ever so good!"



undie cover

Name: *Toni*
Age: *23*
Hometown: *Clevedon*
Occupation: *Shipping Clerk*
Marital Status: *Single*

I never used to be one for sexy underwear. I used to think it was totally impractical and only worn to give men pleasure. My feeling was that if a man fancies a woman it wouldn't matter what she wore. But now that's all changed – you couldn't get me to stop wearing my stockings and suspenders if you tried!

You're probably wondering why I changed my mind. The answer lies with my best friend Lorraine. It was she who suggested an answer to my problem when it seemed my long-standing boyfriend Mike had lost his interest in sex. "It works!" she told me. "You see, men are simple creatures and it just blows their minds. You'll see!"

"That's all very well and good," I replied, "but I haven't got anything like that." Lorraine grinned, "Come upstairs, Toni," she said, "I'm sure I'll have something that you can borrow."

She wasn't fibbing either. "Where did you get all this stuff?" I asked her, surveying the contents of her undies drawer as she tipped it out on to the bed. Lorraine shrugged. "I just accumulated it," she chuckled. "Go on, try something on."

The next half hour was like something from a fancy dress party as Lorraine and I tried on virtually everything there. I had some trouble at first learning how to clip stockings to suspenders but eventually I mastered the art. After trying on each ensemble we'd pose in front of the full length mirror and Lorraine would comment on how sexy I looked. I had to concede I certainly was feeling somewhat randier than usual

"Wow, Toni!" said Lorraine as I stood there in a scarlet satin bra and g-string with fishnet stockings, "I reckon any man would pop his rocks just looking at you like that!"

"You think so?" I said, studying the way my boobs bulged over the thin cup of the bra. Lorraine nodded. "I could almost go for you





"Then we'd better be good to her!" replied Sasha. As I knelt there with Robin's hard-on going back and forth between my lips, I felt Sasha raise my arse higher so she could get her hand between my thighs and into my twat. Her nimble fingers were soon sliding in and out of my damp hole, getting me primed for what I hoped would be an injection of Robin's strong hard prick.

Sure enough, I soon got my just desserts, Robin's cock jackhammering into me as I crouched forward on all fours, my face confronted by Sasha's sparsely furred pussy, already wet and dripping with juice as she parted her thighs and guided my tongue towards her very large and erect clitoris. "Yes!" she panted, "tongue me, Serena! Make me *come*, darling!"

I was no expert at quim-licking, but practice makes perfect and once I had my lips and tongue firmly affixed to Sasha's clitty I refused to let go. And the way she was moaning and screaming with pleasure, and the amount of spicy juices that were trickling over my lips and chin informed me she was truly in the throes of a most intense climax. By then, however, I was too with Robin's huge penis filling and stretching my little pussy to the max. I teetered on the brink a moment then had an orgasm so hard I felt my knees buckle as the sensations continued. The pleasure just grew and grew until Robin shooting a huge stream of spunk deep into me capped off the whole affair just perfectly.

So you see, even if you think yourself the horniest thing on two legs it doesn't necessarily mean somebody won't get one over on you eventually. I knew these two had set me up, but when you love sex as much as me, well, it simply doesn't matter one bit!



myself," she told me, sweetly.

"I never knew you were that way." I replied, thinking she was just joking. But the way Lorraine reacted made me think different.

"I've never *done* it," she said, "but I'll admit I've fantasised about making love to a woman from time to time. I always thought it was perfectly natural – don't you do it?"

"Of course not!" I replied, but immediately realised I wasn't being perfectly truthful to myself. "Well, sometimes," I said lamely. "You know, if I see something on the telly or . . ."

I stopped, noticing what Lorraine was up to. Sitting on the edge of the bed, dressed in a lacy teddy and hold-up stockings, she was running her hand over



'. . . She was running her hand over the mound of her pussy very slowly and very deliberately . . .'

the mound of her pussy very slowly and very deliberately. It made a very sexy sight, an extremely sexy sight.

Now, when I was a teenager and finding out about sex, on several occasions I enjoyed mutual masturbation sessions with pals, but this was different – we were fully-grown heterosexual women. All the same, I couldn't resist the temptation to touch myself as well. Gingerly, I reached down and ran my hand over my satin-clad mound.

"Go for it, Toni!" giggled Lorraine. "Don't feel ashamed." I touched myself harder, feeling my softness beneath the material. Ummm, it was feeling nice, feeling ever so nice and I slipped my hand inside my g-string to find to my astonishment I was getting really rather wet.

I glanced over to Lorraine again to see her fumbling under the bed for something. When she pulled it out I couldn't believe it – there in her hand was this huge bendy double-headed dildo, a truly massive affair. As I watched, she tugged aside her g-string, baring a highly aroused pussy, and tickled her slit with the large head.

"One of my favourites," she smiled, "I only use it on special occasions." I watched enthralled, my hand still working at my pussy, as she lay right back on the bed and squeezed the dildo into her slit until she must have had a good five inches up her. I could hardly believe this was happening, my best friend fucking herself with a monstrous dildo before my very eyes. Each time it slithered out I could see her juices glistening very obviously on the thing, which only served to remind of the wetness between my own legs. My nipples were budding, growing completely erect and the friction as they pressed against that lurid satin bra was making me feel so, erm, *needful*. From the moans and groans coming from her lips as she worked it back and forth it was pretty clear she was enjoying it. But one thing still came to mind.

"Lorraine?" I asked, innocently, "how come it's got a thing at *both* ends?"

She looked up at me with eyes misty with pleasure. "So you can share the fun with a friend, of course." she smiled. "You could join me if you wanted."

At that moment I was feeling so sexy I was almost up for anything and this – even though it was unbelievably wild – seemed just so incredible, especially seeing how, because of the situation with Mike, I hadn't had any sexy fun in ages.

As the dildo slid up me I was astonished how warm it was. "I keep it under the radiator," smirked Lorraine as I slid down until our pussies were touching, the dildo engulfed right in both our pussies. Then Lorraine began to move and the friction of her rubbing against me felt so wonderful, so tingly I was getting more and more excited, Our clits were rubbing together and now I was moving in rhythm with her as we locked together in a good old-fashioned bump and grind.

"God!" I moaned, "it feels so – ohhh! OHHH!!!" And without warning a searing climax swept through me and I was gone, sent, into it a hundred percent as Lorraine freed my boobs from my bra and began licking, sucking and stroking them as I continued to come. Then she began to climax, so I held her close as she spasmed in my arms . . .

Now I'm a proper undies addict and, yes, Mike and I have found our sex life has got new zest. I haven't told him yet but I think it's probably got an awful lot to do with my weekly 'fashion sessions' round at Lorraine's. Still I don't think he'd complain even if he did know!



THE WRITE STUFF

All that's fit to peruse as you muse, lovingly selected by MO's very own Booker Prize nominee (he lost in the first round, knocked out by Salman Rushdie on the away goals rule . . .).

• If you wanna see some 'artistic' smut, why not peruse the latest sexually-charged offering from our old pals at Taschen? *Erotic Art* (now there's a blunt title for you!) by Gilles Neret is a huge weighty 200-page tome with 240 colour illustrations covering the lustiest lithographs, the dirtiest doodles and the filthiest photographs ever rendered. The offerings range from the deviant to the downright dubious and a few might well put you off your lunch, be you of a nervous disposition. But that shouldn't deter you because there are reproductions of pieces from such notables as Warhol, Miro, Matisse and even our good mate Jeff Koons (in his usual, erm, 'uncompromising' form). Personally, this reviewer enjoyed it – but then he's always been a little strange – and at £9.99, represents formidable value for money. Why, there's even a cover pic by Dali so you can leave it on the coffee table without fear of offending your woman wot does . . .



Bird with Big Tits and Bloke in a Suit by Allen Jones (are you sure that's the right title? – Ed)

• Comic strip capers are in force this month courtesy of those lovable rogues at Knockabout Comics, who bring you *Casanova's Last Stand*, a graphic novel by Britain's premier purveyor of illicit inklings since '73, Hunt Emerson. And let's face it, few artists can convey the essentials of bawdy British humour like the old Hunt, can they? Yes, all the familiar trademarks are there – melon-breasted nymphettes, seedy heroes and frenzied sweaty couplings rather akin to the scrum at Victoria underground station in the height of the rush hour – but with tits. It's basically the saga of the world's most famous shagger and his adventures, even if it does read like a 'Carry On' movie directed by an acidhead. And what's more, it's ballsachingly funny, too. (£6.99 from any decent comic or bookstore, or failing that, Knockabout can be reached at 10 Acklam Road, London W10 5QZ, or phone 081 969 2945.)



• Something of a double-whammy from Taschen this month, as accompanying the earlier tome was Serge Nazarieff's Early *Erotic Photography*, another 200-pager, this time devoted to the forerunners of Men Only itself, the earliest girly pics dating from as long ago as the 1840s. Things have come a long way since then, though some of the lass's poses have a mighty familiar ring to them and there's a few too many reader's wives for our liking. Still, if it's sepia-tinged smut you've been hankering after all these years then we can honestly say your dreams have finally come true. Like the above, this one costs £9.99 and is available from many a decent vendor of quality publications. (For further info, Taschen are at Hohenzollernring 53, D-5000, Koln 1, Germany, phone 0221 20180-0) Tell 'em Men Only sent you, and have a good giggle at their sheer bewilderment . . .





cummer holiday

Name: *Stacia*
Age: *20*
Hometown: *Bedworth*
Occupation: *Waitress*
Marital Status: *Single*

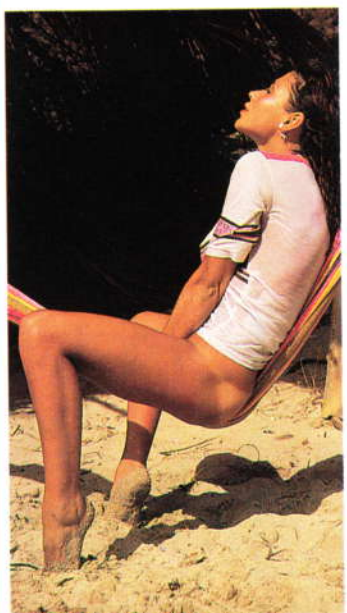
We all come back from a holiday abroad with some memories but not, I'll bet, many as vivid as mine this year! How vivid? Well, how about one image that stands out in my mind, that of me sprawled on my back in the white sand of a Greek island, one truly massive cock jackhammering in and out of my soaking twat, another pumping between my dick-hungry lips while another explodes a torrent of spunk all over my hard, swollen nipples. Yes, try writing that down on a postcard and sending it to the folks at work!

I'll admit that sex was uppermost on my mind when I jetted out to Greece with my friend Louisa. I'd just broken up with my boyfriend and hadn't had a shafting in ages – I was frustrated, simple as that, and looking to get laid. But I never imagined I'd get laid quite as much as I actually did!

We'd been there a few days when we got wind of a rave that was being held on a nearby beach that night. Of course, me and Louisa were right up for that and went along dressed to dance all night. All I was wearing was a skimpy wraparound skirt and an even skimpier T-shirt through which my boobs were plainly visible in the strobes. What the hell, I was on holiday and I didn't give a toss! As the night wore on and the music grew louder, I started to become aware that someone definitely had their eye on me. Louisa noticed, too. "That guy's been eyeing you up for hours, Stacia," she smirked. "What do you think of him?"

I looked over to where this bloke was standing and liked what I saw, very much! He was a tall blonde boy, very well put together, wearing a tight T-shirt that showed off his muscliness while his cut-off denim shorts contained what appeared to be a hell of a packet. Sure, that was just the kind of bloke I'd come out here to find!





So I returned his looks with a smile and pretty soon he was over and dancing with me. If he could fuck like he could dance then my luck was in! His name was Anders and he was from Sweden, but his English was great and he was charming, too. It was pretty obvious what he was after and I wasn't exactly telling him he wasn't going to get it! As it started getting light Anders suggested we 'take a stroll'. I nodded to Louisa, who was getting friendly with some guys from Kent, and we set off down the beach. The music got more distant as Anders put his arm around me and we kissed. As our tongues bashed together I pressed my crotch into his and could feel the swell of his hard-on down there. I couldn't help but giggle. "Feeling pretty horny, are we?" I said. Anders grinned.







away were another two guys. They looked Scandinavian, too – tall, blonde and pale-skinned – and, what's more, they seemed to know Anders because they started making comments to him (in Swedish I guessed).

Anders sighed wearily. "My buddies, Bjorn and Niels," he shrugged, "Trust them to spoil all the fun we're having!"

I gave these two intruders the once-over. Well, they didn't look too bad – in fact, they were quite hunky. That made me think . . .

'Closing my lips around his thick swollen tool, I wriggled so my pussy was level with Anders' face . . .'

"You ever have sex on the beach?" he answered. "It's a kick!"

I had to admit I hadn't but I'm game to try anything once. There didn't seem to be anyone around so we fell on to the soft wet sand and right away our hands began exploring each others' bodies. Not one to waste time, I tugged at the zipper on Anders' shorts and reached inside for his prick. What a beauty! And my first thought was I wanted to give this a good sucking. Closing my lips around his thick swollen tool, I wriggled around so my pussy was level with Anders' face. I wasn't sure whether he'd catch my drift but I needn't have worried. In a few moments he was sucking and licking at my pussy just as enthusiastically as I was gobbling his knob. His tongue was long and snaked into all the right places, tickling my clitty so I moaned through the mouthful of his lovely cock in my gob.

Then he stopped suddenly and I couldn't figure why. But then I looked around I realised the beach wasn't as deserted as I'd thought. Standing only a couple of yards

"Well, the fun doesn't have to stop, does it?" I smiled, "Us English girls are sexy enough for more than one man you know!"

I beckoned Niels and Bjorn over, reached up and squeezed their packets. Mmmm, they felt just as well-hung as Anders! "Okay, guys," I said, rolling over on my back, "feel free!"

Well, I got the shagging I was after. And how! My trio of Viking hunks were incredible. They wanted to try everything and I wasn't stopping them. They launched themselves on to me and gave me the best shagging ever – I was sucking while getting screwed doggy fashion, wanking whatever tool was spare, the lot. Their thick cocks did just what I wanted to my eager little pussy and after I'd exploded into my first orgasm, they never seemed to stop. It was hours later when I wandered back into the villa, only to find Louisa getting a thorough shafting off this bloke from Ashford. I would've joined in but after the seeing-to I'd just had I needed a rest. Besides I had it all to do again the next night!





my confession

Name: *Anita*
Age: *21*
Hometown: *Waterlooville*
Occupation: *Student*
Marital Status: *Single*

After the quiet of the town I grew up in, coming to London to go to college was quite a shock! Mind you, I was looking forward to it – for one thing I knew I'd have a chance to expand my sexual horizons, something which wasn't too easy back home where, for a start, I only knew a few decent guys and all those seemed more interested in you for a potential good little wifey rather than simply having sexy fun. I remember the first time I tried to give a bloke a blow-job he really freaked and said I was 'too kinky' for him. I mean, I ask you!

All that changed in London. I was soon meeting all sorts of broad minded people and enjoying my natural feelings. I wasn't looking for any long-term thing so boyfriend followed boyfriend with rapid succession. What made things all the more fun was when I discovered the club scene with my mate, Suzie. Suzie was this outrageous redhead from Manchester who was always showing off her gorgeous figure in sheer blouses and tight skirts – a girl after my heart! We began hitting clubs together and often ended up picking up guys and bringing them back to the flat we shared to use them disgracefully. We weren't averse to a spot of lezzie frolicking either and many's the time our threesomes had seen the guy unable to believe his luck as, once me and Suze had drained his balls, we'd set to on one another, licking each others' pussies to help him get his cock hard again.

But recently it looked like there was going to be a change in our lifestyle. Suze met this bloke, Jason, and – wouldn't you know it? – the silly cow only went and fell in love! Okay, Jason was something of a dreamboat – six feet tall and ever so handsome – but Suzie went completely overboard and almost overnight changed from this wild randy tart into Little Miss Pure (as if!). Jason didn't like her going around flaunting her body, so out went her sexy undies and lowcut tops and in came the A-line skirts and fluffy sweaters. What was worse, Jason didn't like her hanging out with me and put a ban on our weekend jaunts up West and, it went without saying, our horny nocturnal activities. Alright, if you fall for a fella that's one thing, but this was going too bloody far. The crunch came when Suzie turned round and announced she was planning to move out of the flat to shack up with Goody Two-Shoes himself. Right, I thought, I'm

'. . . We'd set to on one another, licking each others' pussies to help him get his cock hard again . . .'





going to show her the error of her ways if it's the last thing I do!

It was the Friday night before Suzie was intending to move. Now, she and Jason had already made arrangements for the evening (they were going to the bloody opera, wouldn't you know it?), so I, fuming merrily, had decided I was going to go out and pick up whatever well-hung stud I could find and get well and truly shagged. I was just about to get into the bath when the phone rang. It was that traitress, Suzie, breathlessly telling me her lecture had overrun and she was going to be late back. Thing was, she was expecting Jason any minute, so would I tell him to hang on for her? My first instinct was to tell her to tell him her bloody self, but suddenly a cunning scheme crystallised in my wicked mind . . .

"Sure, Suze," I said sweetly, "I'll tell him. Don't worry . . ."

Almost the moment I put the phone down the doorbell rang. Yes, it was Mr Smooth. Quickly, I stripped off and wrapped a towel around my naked body before letting him in. Jason must have wondered why I was being so pleasant, but before he could cotton on to anything I told him I had to get in the bath before it overflowed and left him watching Channel 4 News on the telly in the front room.

Now our flat's quite small and the bathroom opens directly on to the front room, so Jason was just a few yards from me with only the unlocked door between us. I settled into the sudsy water and quickly washed before sliding my hands down between my thighs to enjoy the feeling of the warm water lapping against my minge. It *was* lovely, but I had other things on my mind aside from my own pleasure.



I began stroking myself in earnest, sliding a finger between my pussy lips and caressing my boobs until my nips were standing erect and hard with need. As I twiddled my clitty harder and harder, the old familiar feelings began to wash over me and my breathing got more intense. I started to moan, giving vent to the intense feelings between my legs. "Ohhh!" I groaned, "ohhhhh, ohhhhh!!!"

Right on cue I heard an anxious tapping at the door. "Is everything okay in there?" Jason's voice called. "Are you alright, Anita?"

I didn't reply, I just continued frigging myself and moaning – only now even louder. Again, I heard him calling out was I okay? To which I simply redoubled my efforts, sliding two fingers into my pussy while I continued to frig my hard, burning clitty with my thumb.

And then the door swung open. I pretended not to notice but Jason sure as hell did. For a few moments he stood there dumbstruck, watching me bringing myself off and squeezing my tits together. Then I 'noticed' him and reacted with righteous anger. "What the *fucking hell* are you doing!?" I demanded.

Jason stammered out a reply. "I . . . I thought you were in pain or something." he babbled. "So I thought I'd better check on you."

"Thought you'd check out my body more like!" I snarled back, making no effort to cover myself.

'I slid two fingers into my pussy while I continued to frig my burning clity with my thumb . . .'

"It's always the goody-goody ones, isn't it? Look, if you've got the hots for me, why don't you just say instead of acting like some pervy peeping tom?"

He tried to deny it but it was too late – the evidence was there, tenting out his chinos and I wasn't going to ignore *that*. I made like I was cooling down. "Jason," I said smoothly, "I can tell you like what you see and since you and Suze are moving out soon, I'll forgive you. I tell you what," I went on, "I won't tell Suzie on one condition – that you show me that delicious thing you've got down there."

He knew instantly what I was talking about. "You want to see my . . . my cock?" he gulped. I nodded and raised myself out of the water.

"That's right," I said, "Go on, I won't tell . . ."

I could see him struggling with himself, but he knew I had the upper hand and wasn't going to be denied. His hands went to his fly buttons and started to pop them one by one.

"I tell you what," I murmured, leaning even closer, "why don't you let me do that? That'd make me even happier."

There was nothing he could do about it as I reached forward and spread apart the fabric of his trousers, delving into his boxers and tugging his cock free. It was almost fully hard and as my warm wet fingers closed around the shaft I felt it thicken even more. I'll say this for Suze – she might have picked a holier-than-thou bloke but she'd made sure he was equipped!

"Suzie's a lucky girl," I breathed as I rubbed my hands up and down it, "I bet she loves sucking on it."

And before Jason could even reply my lips were on his prick, sliding all over that rigid dick-meat, my long tongue flicking over its veiny length before I took it in my mouth and sucked deeply. Whatever reservations Jason might have had were fast being forgotten as I treated him to the best blow-job I'd given in ages, having his cock every which way before easing him down on to the bathroom rug with me.

"A quickie!" I urged breathlessly, "just a quickie – I can't miss this opportunity!" But it seemed I hardly needed to ask – Jason's eyes were glazing with lust as my wet slippery boobs filled his vision and he felt the tip



of his cock rubbing against my moist yielding pussy lips.

"Aaaahhhh!" I groaned, sinking down on his pole until he was into me all the way, feeling me clenching my cunt around him as I moved rhythmically and fluid up and down on his wonderfully big cock.

"Oh my God! What the hell is going on here?!"

Right on cue! Standing there in the doorway, eyes wide in amazement, was Suzie, gazing down at me impaled to the hilt on her prissy boyfriend's prick like she'd never seen me fucking a guy before. I needed to get my shot in fast.

"What's it look like, Suze?" I said, "I'm showing Mr Clean here



Jason asked weakly. Suze's hand flew to the buttons of her blouse.

"I'm having some too!" she declared, tearing open her blouse and swiftly removing her skirt. "I'm going to show you all the filthy things you wouldn't let me do, and what's more," she added, "you're going to love it!"

Off came her knickers and bra and she stood over us gloriously naked. "Right, Anita, you filthy tart," she said, looking down at my grinning face, "I know *precisely* what you've done and I'm going to make you lick my pussy to pay me back!"

Gleefully, I plunged my tongue into her hairy bush as she lowered her minge over my face. Happy days were here again!

That night Jason received the finest education he ever got as, at long last, he came to realise that being an uptight arsehole was one way of ensuring you never had fun. It was the finest

'Gleefully, I plunged my tongue into her hairy bush as she lowered her minge over my face . . .'

the sort of good time you're going to miss when you move out. And what's more, I think he likes it."

Jason was all confusion, torn between utter despair on one hand and utter delight at what I was doing to his cock on the other. Suzie, though, wasn't slow in coming to conclusions.

"Fuck this!" she said with feeling. "If you think I'm going to completely change my personality so you can do this you've got another thing coming!"

"What are you going to do?"

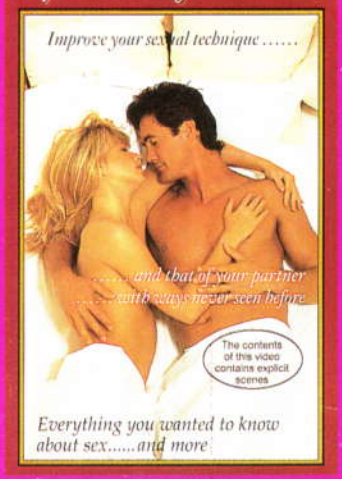
threesome we ever had and, to give Jason his due, once the shock had worn off he responded wonderfully. I guess it was the excitement, but that beautiful cock got up again and again – he sure had a lot of spunk in those balls of his!

And guess what? Suzie never did move out. She still sees Jason, though. But their relationship couldn't be more different. And I should know – after all, he's eating my pussy as I sign this story!



THE FILTH SCANNER

Carnality, craziness and whopping your pud in the VCR courtesy of the man in possession of the official MO soiled raincoat, the unique DIRK FESTER . . .



So what's been wearing out the heads of the Fester Wankyo Twin-Head Remote Control XXX348R over the New Year season? Well, the truth is not a whole bleedin' lot as it would seem the major video companies go into seasonal hibernation (i.e. down the pub – permanently) even earlier than that bunch of sots up at Men Only. And those who don't insist on sending Uncle Dirk videos that, frankly, don't rate too highly on the Fester Tool of Quality register. I mean, not only did Dirk fail to get a rise out of *Hair Styling The Easy Way* (Green Umbrella), but frankly I found it rather insulting since I'm the man who patented the Bobby Charlton Wig. As for *Carol Huberman's Fashion Tips* (Video Gems), well, I squinted at the entire 100 minutes and nowhere, *nowhere*, was there any guidance on converting old Levi 501s into wet-look tackle-hugging posing attire, something Mrs Fester does in a trice with a can of matt-black car spray and her trusty old Singer pedal-drive. And while we're on the subject, I'm thinking of consulting my briefs regarding *Strictly Tap Dance* (Green Umbrella, again) as the packaging failed to state that at no time should you attempt to follow the moves after eighteen cans of Tennants Super and a chicken chow mein. We'll never get the stain off the ceiling and the cat's still walking wonky. And if Xmas chez Fester wasn't strenuous enough what with the kids boobytrapping the fireplace with Semtex resulting in huge steaming piles of Santa shit all over the antimacassar, the missus seemed in undue haste to pack the brood off to terrorise Grandfer Fester down at the 'Sunnyview Retirement Home & Pie Co.' come Boxing Day. With years of experience behind me I knew what this portended and so was not startled when, from behind the sofa, the spouse produced her 'little Christmas cracker', to whit a video entitled *101 Sensual Ways Of Making Love*, fixing yours truly with a gap-toothed leer and suggesting we 'give it a whirl'. Through a haze of Tesco's Port fumes I told the old bat the last time I gave it a whirl was in 1979 and then it almost shattered the glass in the conservatory windows, but to avoid an unseasonal John Woo-style clash of Uzis I consented to view the article, ignoring the wife pointing out the cover notes regarding 'the penis and how it works'. Cheeky bint.

Whether 101 ways are demonstrated herein remains a mystery to Dirk as I'm afraid an OD of cold turkey and flat Safeways lager sent me into a pleasant reverie involving being Kim Basinger's favourite dildo round about number sixteen. I blame the music, one of the prime probs you always find with these 'how to' vids. I mean, people actually doing it (y'know, stiffy bits an' all) is fine and dandy, but it's always drenched in a soundtrack that makes The Orb sound like Megadeath and never fails to put me into a stupor in five minutes flat. All the same, the lasses looked nice, better than the wife anyway – but then so does Vinny Jones in a certain light.

By the time I came to, the demon horde were returned with their booty of purloined colostomy bags and zimmer frames and clamouring for entertainment. To shut the buggers up I reached for *Bernard Manning Bites Back* (Polygram). It never fails.

Dirk Fester





camilla's column

Sympathetic and unashamedly sensual, there's nothing you can't tell Camilla. If you have any problems about your sexuality, or your love life, then write to Camilla's Column, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Dear Camilla: I bought a copy of *Men Only* today out of curiosity, let's say, and also because the girl on the cover kinda convinced me to look further inside.

I have a bit of a problem which I thought you could help me with. I'm twenty-two and I've never been short of good-looking girlfriends of a similar age to myself etc . . . but . . . I have a confession to make that I'm really proud of. When I turned the page to your column and your photos I decided 'that's it, I've GOT to go out with someone who looks just like YOU!'

You are a little older than me but you simply blow away all the competition! Not even the prettiest or sexiest twenty year old touches you!

You are freaking me out every single time I look at your photo. Problem is, even at the best of times I'm not much of a chat-up merchant – I guess I'm just a lucky git! How do I ask a woman like you out without blowing it?

I've always fancied sexy, slightly older women but I've never had the bottle to make a move in case they laugh or reject my offer flat!

Are women as stunning as you interested in a (though I say it myself) good-looking boy. It's probably crazy to ask, but would you be interested in me? I just can't believe it, you are *so* sexy. Your face is just beautiful and those eyes and lips – aahhgg! I love your new hairdo by the way – very chic!

I've always loved big full firm breasts on a girl and, well, yours just drive me nuts!

Can you help make my dreams come true?

(J.A., Edinburgh.)

I'll say this for you, confidence is something you certainly don't lack! When I think about it, I don't think you'll have any problems finding yourself a sexy, more mature lady to help your dreams come true, particularly if you are everything you describe yourself to be in your letter. But don't get yourself in a tizzy thinking these older ladies will laugh in your face should you ask them whether they fancy you – in some respects, women are no different from blokes in that a lot of them prefer a younger partner. As they say, men reach their sexual peak a lot earlier than women so it's not surprising that many women of mature years find more youthful lovers very satisfying indeed. They love it when a lad very much their junior passes flattering comments on the way they look and even want to get them into bed! Go on, J., give them a go – I'm sure there's many a lovely older woman up there in Edinburgh and you could be pleasantly surprised at the results. Just one thing – watch out that their husbands aren't around when you ask! Love, Camilla.



Dear, Dear Come-illa: I buy the mag every month and race to open it at your page to look and fantasise at your pictures and read the sexy letters – and to stroke myself while doing so.

SMUT IN THE ATTIC

It's where you get the chance to have your fave fillies splashed across the pages of MO. But now, if you're lucky, you can grab yourself some moolah in the process!!!



K. E. of Richmond's mother -in-law (allegedly)

Yes, once more we delve into the murky nether regions of the past and coax those lusty busty babes of yesteryear pulsating and pouting into the light of the present. And, what's more, from this month onward MO readers have the chance to win a SIZEABLE CASH PRIZE in the process.

We're offering FIFTY QUID to the lucky reader who places their creased and crinkled offerings in our hand and has them printed in Britain's biggest and best glossy male-orientated publication. Yep, that's five-oh smackeroonies simply for investigating that mouldy suitcase up in the attic (you know, the one just behind the old Scalextrix layout and the rusting exercise bike). Go on, you've been meaning to have a root around up there for ages, so now you've actually got an incentive, haven't you? By now, you should now the drill: hunt 'em down, whack 'em in the envelope and send them to the usual address. But whatever you do, ***don't*** forget to enclose an SAE, otherwise how can we send the buggers back to you, or make sure you gets your ackers?

Unfortunately for Mr K.E. of Richmond, he sent us these studies of bygone beaver before we were smitten by this outburst







Round rumps revisited with minimal minge flauntage!

I have never written to anyone before as I am an introverted person. I must say it's taken courage to write what happened to me at the office I work at which is a large insurance company with lots of gorgeous girls. I was sneaking a look at you during my break and feeling randy, so I thought I would go to the gents for a quick relief job. Then one of the more attractive girls saw me peeking at you and came and sat on the desk in front of me. The closeness of her made my head spin, but her look was so sexy that my cock hardened immediately. She asked if I could work that night. If she had asked me to fly to the moon I would have. So the office closed and I was left with a mountain of paperwork to get on with. Venus, as I call her, was working in the office opposite me and I could see her long legs under the desk, and my hand went into my trousers to stroke myself while I longed for her. She was watching and came over to me, standing behind me, and brushed her soft breast against my neck. My cock nearly jumped out of my pants and I spun around in my chair to be faced with the shapely softness inside her blouse. She slowly opened her blouse to show me her cleavage and her white bra, then she took my hand and placed it on her left breast which was firm. I was impatient and my other hand reached to undo the front fastening. I fumbled but she helped, and there stood the most wonderful full brown-tipped tits. My hands, head, lips and tongue couldn't resist as years of pent up feelings launched themselves on those tits. She then moved around me and sat on the desk, where her long legs lifted up and she put her feet on my chair between my legs. She opened her legs for me to see her white knickers and then I shot my load into my pants. She pulled my head into her tits again and I could feel my cock regenerating its load. My hands rushed under her dress to feel inside her undies where the dampness greeted my urgent fingers. She then stood up and slipped out of her knickers to reveal her womanhood to me. Perching up on the desk, she leaned back and my mouth was attracted like a magnet to the soft folds of her love nest. I licked, sucked and finger-fucked her cunt while she was squirming and soaking my face and hands with her love juice – until she shuddered to an exciting climax. She then swung her long legs on to the floor, opened my zip and out flopped my aching, soaking wet cock. The touch of her hand was enough to set it shooting once more on to her.

Afterwards she explained to me that she had broken up with her boyfriend and wanted to give me a good time as a strike against her him. The whole experience was wonderful for me – the feelings, the softness of her tits, the hardness of her nipples, the wetness of her cunt, the smell of a woman's body, the taste of her juices makes me hard just to think of this one-off late night work session.

Anyway, I'm looking at your pic now and having a long slow wank. All the breast!

(M, Swansea.)

I must say I found your letter not only very stimulating but also very sweet. You are obviously a man who honestly adores women and I'm sure that it won't take you long to find yourself a girl who'll be just right for you – you shouldn't do yourself down! The vast majority of women are looking for a man as eager to please as yourself and looks are definitely not everything – take it from me! I'm happy for you that you had such an erotic experience. Often the most exciting are those that are the least expected, as in this case. Okay, so maybe this sexy girl was using you slightly (women can be like that sometimes!), but it's plain to me that you both got a great deal of pleasure from what happened that night and while I wouldn't advise you to try and take it further, at least you know that you can please a woman, which is a lot more than many self-professed 'studs' can manage! All it takes is a little self-confidence and I'm sure you'll go far! All the best.

Love, Camilla.





Busty bint of yore in knicker-dropping scenario



of generosity, but as he says in his letter, 'I've got loads of this stuff collected over the years,' – so better luck next time, eh?

As to the identity of the mystery misses, 'K' is at something of a loss to explain. "Most of them belonged to the wife's old man," he tells us. "He was very keen on photography, with his own darkroom and everything. For all I know some of them could be of my Mother-in-Law!" In fact, K.E. goes on to say that one of them does bear a disturbing similarity to the aforementioned in-law (though he's not saying exactly *which* one). If true, we could well be seeing history in making here – the earliest recorded Readers Wife on record perhaps?

Anyway, we think they're as boffo as can be. If you agree and fancy a piece of the action (and fifty notes) our crusty old expert is waiting, so don't disappoint him, send them to: Smut In The Attic, c/o Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF.





camilla's thriller

It's where dreams really do come true for one lucky reader as our wondrous wunderlumps selects a peachy piccie in response to one reader's heartfelt plea . . .

Dear Camilla: Having been a dedicated MO reader since 1976, I feel qualified to comment on the fact that the arrival of your fantastic column has got to be one of the horniest things ever to happen to my number one magazine – something to rival only those much-loved models Gaynor Bell and Debbie Jordan and of course the outrageous Daphne Hugeglands.

My ultimate fantasy picture of you would be to see you posing in a steamy lesbian pose with all three of the above-named, but I realise I'm asking a bit too much.

Therefore, would it be possible to show your fans the one picture that so far we haven't been allowed to see, that is one of you actually laying on your delicately dimpled back! It strikes me as weird that although we must have seen you posing every which way since you started in MO, we have never, to the best of my knowledge anyway, had a picture where you are in the position where I'm sure the majority of us would love to have you, namely lying down with your lovely legs wide open as though you were ready to receive your lover's cock.

I'm sure such a pic would make not only make my day, but that of all your other fans. Here's hoping!

(L.J., Slough)

And here it is! When I read your letter I couldn't believe I'd never had a picture of me printed in the pose you described so I had a quick flick back through my appearances to date. I wouldn't say I've never posed that way, but you're right when you say there hasn't been a picture like this before. Well, that's remedied now – and do you like the way I've got my tits squeezed together? According to the photographer he reckoned it looks like I'm ready for a battalion of horny fellas. Perhaps that's his dirty mind, or then again perhaps it's my dirty mind! I'll leave it up to you to work that one out!

Love, Camilla.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

LIZA











There are those who think a BMW, a mobile phone, and a knock-down drag out dinner at Kettners is the ultimate aphrodisiac, and it does work, I grant you. But not for everyone. It was this sort of thinking that made the yuppie extinct (and not before time).

It works for girls called Tracy, I find, most Michelles and quite a lot of Avrils (32B-21-36), but it's absolutely hopeless with Triphena's. With Triphena's you have to pose as a hopeless drunk and show signs of reform before the force of gravity overcomes the power of the knicker elastic. (Posing as a hopeless drunk is quite easy, it's the reform bit that's a tad difficult we find).

Fast cars have the average Carol's pussy lips eating her gusset, a night's raving to the sound of Pulp does it for your Kylies. But Liza's are a different matter. Irish Liza, anyway.

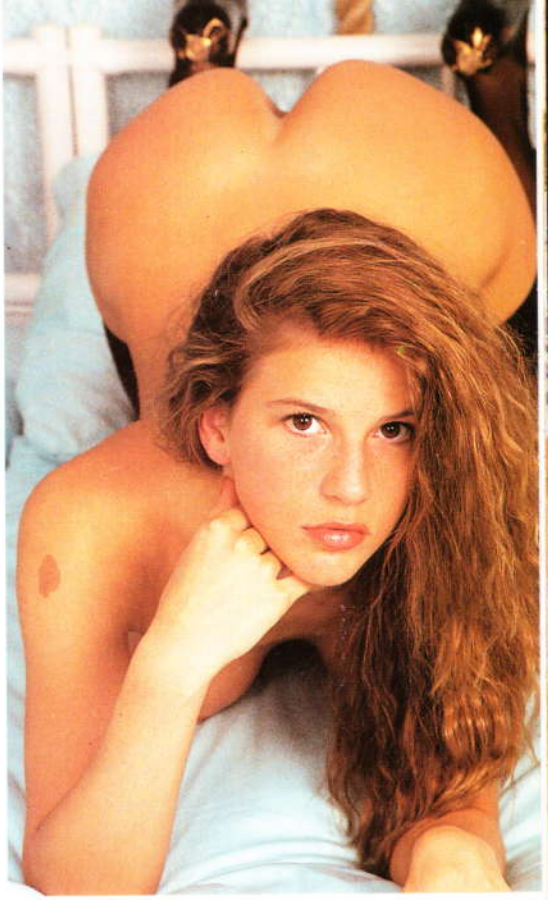
It's no use being flash with Liza, she's not interested.

The secret is to take her to one of those pubs behind the Holloway Road where she can listen to the saddest, most mournful Irish laments on the fiddle, and she gets into clothes-taking-off mode.

When she's sad she's sexy. But be warned, this doesn't work with English Lizas. When they're sad they take your credit card and do it for £345.45 worth of slinky undies (34C-23-36). MG



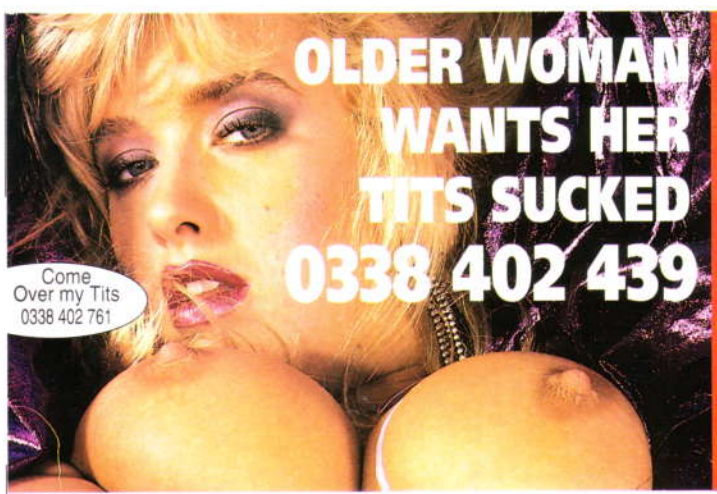








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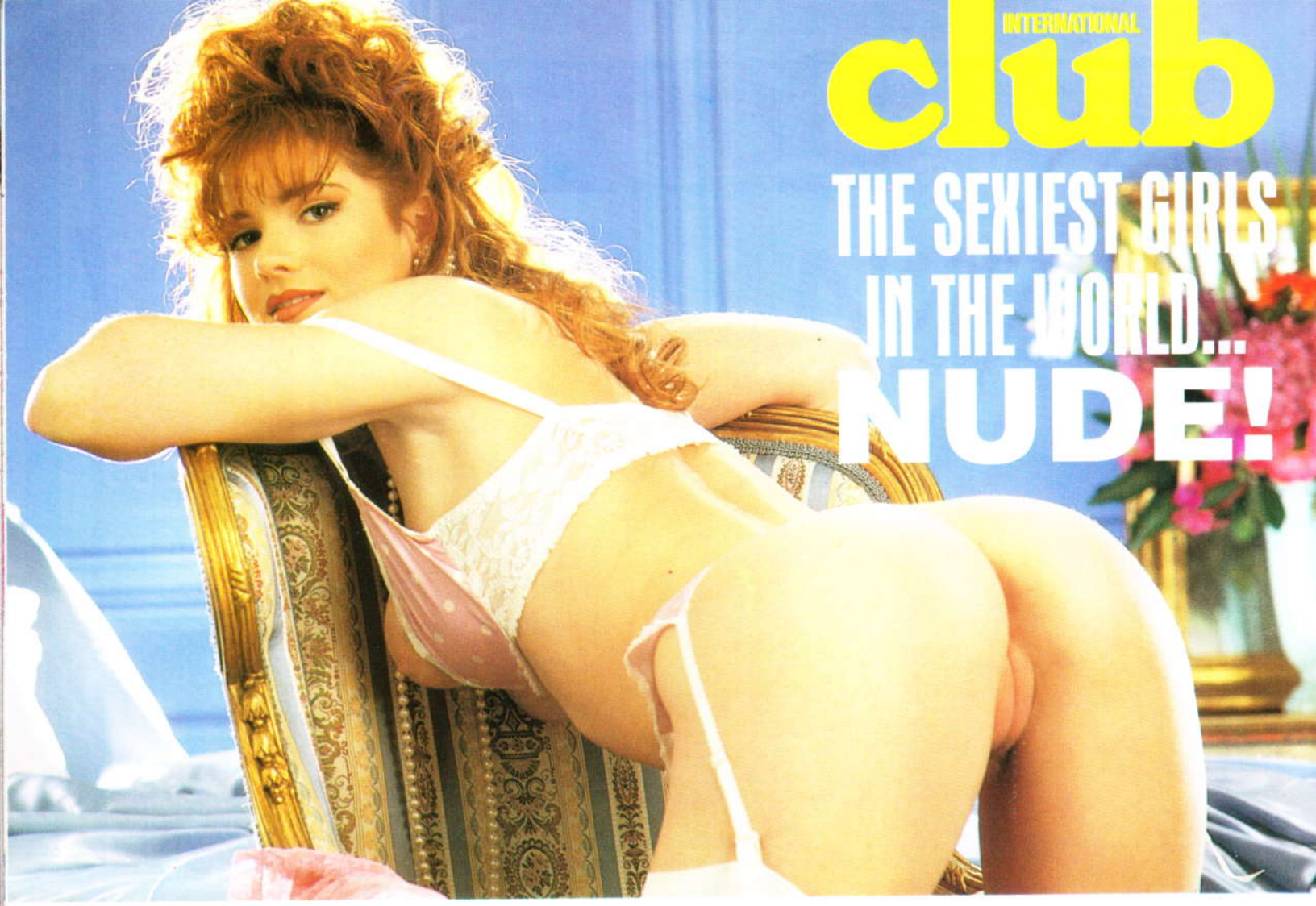
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GUARANTEED GENUINE CONTACTS
LEAVE YOUR OWN PERSONALISED MESSAGE

SPANKING



JILL GETS 6 STROKES OF THE CANE
0338 418 812
MATRON SPANKS LESBIAN STUDENTS
0338 418 848
SIR GIVES TRACEY THE SLIPPER
0338 418 850
I'LL BEND OVER, SMACK ME
0338 418 849
YOUR HAND, MY BOTTOM
0338 418 851

WATERSPORTS



WARM AMBER SHOWER
0338 418 860
DEBBIES WET KNICKERS
0338 418 858
I'LL SHOWER YOUR FACE AND BODY
0338 418 859
EMBARRASING ACCIDENT
0338 418 857

CORRECTION FOR MEN



MADAM THRASHES MALE BUTTOCKS
0338 418 854
LEATHER MISTRESS MAKES YOU SQUIRM
0338 418 852
2 GIRLS ADMINISTER CP FOR MALES
0338 418 856
MASTURBATE WHILE I SPANK YOU
0338 418 853

ABSOLUTE FILTH



WANK WHILE I TALK DIRTY TO YOU
0338 418 861
GIVE IT TO ME DOGGY FASHION
0338 418 864
I'LL LICK THEN SUCK YOU DRY
0338 418 866
RAM IT UP ME GOOD AND HARD
0338 418 862
SLIDE IT IN AND MAKE ME SCREAM
0338 418 863

LIVE SEX CALLBACK



0860 363 676
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, CHEQUES & PO'S ACCEPTED

SENATE PO BOX 1299 N18. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times



WE WILL WANK YOU...

WARNING!!! UNCENSORED

YOU'RE MY WEAK HUSBAND - WATCH ME TAKE 2 THICK COCKS 0898 122 742
I LOVE TO SUCK YOUNG COCKS - PENNY, HOUSEWIFE 0898 122 738
WANK AS 18YR OLD VIRGIN GETS HER FIRST COCK 0898 122 739
ON MY HANDS AND KNEES - PUMP MY WET FANNY 0898 122 740
RUDE SLUT LOVES BLACK COCK 0898 122 741
REAL EXPLICIT SEX CONFESSIONS 0898 122 743
GAY BOYS SUCK & JACK - 6 HOT NUMBERS 0898 122 744

WANK WHILE I FINGER MY SOPPING PUSSY 0898 122 733
SPREAD ME LICK ME, PUMP ME 0898 122 734
BIG TITTED NURSE TAKES 3 HARD COCKS 0898 122 735
CUM OVER ME- PLEASE! 0898 122 736
HORNY LESBIANS - ORAL & DILDO ACTION 0898 122 737

...HOT SPUNKY SEX LINES

LATE NITE SEX - HARDCORE ACTION (AFTER 12.00) 0898 122 745 LATE NITE SEX - HARDCORE ACTION (AFTER 2.00) 0898 122 746

RUDE SLUTS WANT YOUR CREAM

these numbers feature hard adult material WARNING over 18's only

2 NURSES - LESBIAN THEN BIG COCK ACTION 0898 122 751
TENNIS SKIRT UP - THICK COCK INSIDE ME 0898 122 748
WIFE SCREWED BY 2 WELL ENDOWED 18 YR OLDS 0898 122 749
CUM OVER MY BIG FIRM TITS 0898 122 747
OLDER WOMAN GIVES TIT WANK TO HARD, YOUNG COCKS 0898 122 755
TEEN TEASE (18) GIVES HOT SEX - ALL POSITIONS 0898 122 754
ORAL SEX - SHE SUCKS & SWALLOWS YOUR LOAD 0898 122 756

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0898 122 732

UNIFORMS/BONDAGE & SPANKING -CREAMY ACTION 0898 122 752
MY SISTER WILL SUCK YOUR BALLS WHILE YOU SHAFT ME 0898 122 753
SEX CONFESSIONS - HORNY LIVE RECORDINGS 0898 122 750
GAY LADS - GIVING, TAKING, SUCKING, SPUNKING 0898 122 757

12.00 HARD NIGHT-TIME ACTION 0898 122 758 AFTER 2.00 CUM WITH ME 0898 122 759

RSL PO Box 475 SW4 6QB. Call cost 36p/min cheap rate 48p/min at all other times. Some numbers may direct you to other services before connection.









MELANIE













Most men fantasise about getting their secretaries into bed (particularly those who haven't got a secretary we find, mainly because constant daily contact with the likes of Ms Ramstraddler [30E-46-58] is apt to chuck a bucket of the cold stuff over the hottest fantasy).
But you can't just get your secretary into bed any old way. There are forms to be observed (in titlicate). Firstly she must be the sort of mousy little secretary in glasses that you don't even notice. Then she's got to do something very special to draw your attention, like take her specs off, let down her hair, get







her gear off and end up sprawled on the bed looking just like Melanie here.
And that's pretty much what happened to Melanie. She was tapping a Word Processor for a solicitor wearing specs and looking dead ordinary when she drew his attention to her by seductively stripping off all her kit at the Christmas party. Specs off, hair down, sprawling on the bed stark naked all in the space of half an hour – not bad.
And what did he do? He got his mate in to photograph her!
Not the way I'd have done it myself, but each to his own (35D-24-36).







NEXT MONTH IN
MEN ONLY
GET YOUR MOTOR RUNNING!!!



Men Only goes full-throttle into Spring with slinky underdressed women who are quite happy to flaunt their busty bits to satiate their full breasted desires. So rest assured nothing's going to thaw out your frostbitten parts like our bevy of bum-flaunting, tit-twiddling gorgeous girlies. So threaten to chew the Formica of your newsagent's counter to shreds unless you have placed in your hand Men Only Vol.59 No.2 on sale 3rd February.

blah!

continued from page 64

all these shops there were loads of stairs she had to climb, lots of walkways and escalators, and on most of them her pussy was fully on display.

Going up the escalators she'd put one foot up a step so it was all on view.

Quite a few guys noticed and winked at me. Suzy saw them looking and that turned her on too, so it was a couple of very shaky, sexually excited, people who finally found the biggest cucumber in the place and bought it.

It is (we've still got it) eleven inches long and nine inches in circumference – and Suzy was going to take the whole thing in her pussy all the way!

I've watched her play with herself before, but always as a turn-on before we fucked. This time she was wanking to get herself ready for a session with that huge dildo!

She started off, as usual, fingering her nipples and rubbing her clitoris to get her pussy really wet, and then she started to put her fingers in – one, two, three, giving little squeaks as each one stretched her more.

Finally she was writhing around on all five fingers, knees up and wide, trying to work her hand in.

I nearly stopped her, I didn't think I was going to last. I had to give my cock a hard squeeze behind the glans to calm it down. Then, at last, she stretched out her hand to grab hold of the mega cuke!

It made her grunt and gasp as the huge head stretched her cunt lips, but then she gave a thrust of her hips and it was in. After that it was easy. It gradually slipped in, until only three inches of green showed between her legs.

Her back was arched, her eyes were shut and she grabbed that thing and fucked herself with it. Starting gently at first but getting harder, deeper and faster as her pleasure grew. Until, with a final howl, she came, wrapping herself around that thing and screaming out as wave after wave of pleasure struck her.

I went and kissed her and she grabbed me, kissing and licking every inch of me. Her head moved down and she flicked her tongue across the head of my bobbing erection, her hands fondling my balls.

"Sorry Jim, I'm too sore for any more fucking", she whispered, and sucked my cock in between her wet lips.

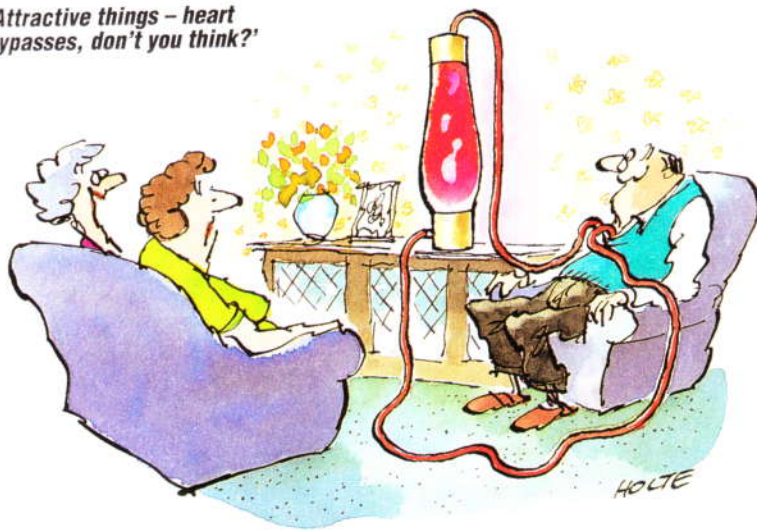
That was all it took. I started to jerked my cream into her throat almost at once, each pump and twitch bringing more pleasure than a normal orgasm, until I thought my balls had disappeared inside my body and my back would break with the strain.

It was bodacious! Never had it so good!

We've agreed we won't try and repeat that idea because it will never be so good again, but in future I'm going to let Suzy write all her own forfeits!

(J.W., Keighley.) £5

'Attractive things – heart bypasses, don't you think?'





EROS PO BOX 1823 N18 Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times

LIVE EXPLICIT SEX RECORDINGS

SENT IN BY READERS

From Jill Having Sex With Her Boyfriend
0338 418 811

Sarah (Essex) A Virgin Breaking Herself In With A Dildo
0338 418 895

42 Year Old Housewife Fingering Her Fanny
0338 418 810

From A Young Lady Stripping And Wanking Herself Off
0338 418 897

Sue And Lynn (Cambridge) Produced This Real Lesbian Sex Recording
0338 418 806

Girl (18) Recorded Having Sex With Couple Next Door
0338 418 803

From Two Lesbian Students Recorded In 69 Position
0338 418 898

18 Year Old Undergraduate (Bournemouth) Masterbating And Screaming To Orgasm
0338 418 801

Two Housewives With One Tomboy
0338 418 813

Susan Dildoing Her Fanny While Describing Giving Head
0338 418 896

From Amanda (Newport) Who Loves Cock From All Directions
0338 418 894

Recorded By Two Girls (Kent) Using Double Ended Dildo
0338 418 800

From A Twenty Year Old Nurse (London) Masturbating In Nothing But Her Stockings
0338 418 804

READERS CONFESSIONS
A Variety Of Sexual Acts Described Vividly By Our Interviewees
0338 418 814

RECORDED BY DEVOTEES OF DISCIPLINE...

Young Naked Housewife (Leeds) Spanked By Strict Husband
0338 418 807

18Year Old Girl Spanked And F*cked By Older Sister's Boyfriend
0338 418 899

From Mrs Jones Spanking Naughty Debbie
0338 418 808

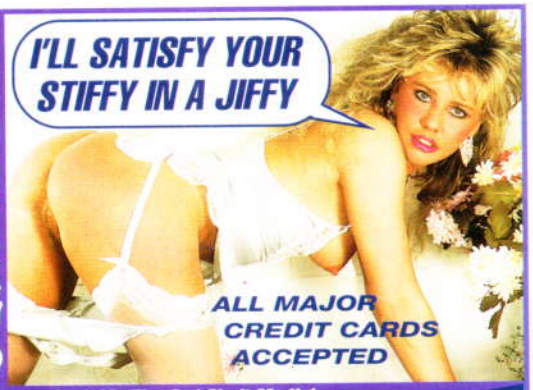
From Two Girls Spanking Each Other
0338 418 815

Two Girls (London) Being Spanked Together
0338 418 809

SENATE PO BOX 1299 N18. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times

ANY DESIRES CATERED FOR LIVE!

LIVE CALLBACK
0850 205 514
0860 469 737
24 HOURS



Grab My Tits And Shaft My Hole
0338 421 103

RAM IT UP MY FANNY
0338 421 112

I'LL SUCK YOU DRY
0338 421 135

THE SLUTLINE
0338 421 199

FINGER MY FANNY
0338 421 133

SARAH AND CLAIRE W*NK YOU
0338 421 137

69 GIRL ACTION
0338 421 111

VIRGIN MASTERBATING
0338 421 139

IN MY TIGHT HOLE
0338 421 151

SUE LICKS JANE WHILE JANE LICKS YOU
0338 421 184

DEBBIE MASTURBATES SALLY
0338 421 118

SHAVE MY PUSSY
0338 421 132

I'M BENDING OVER FOR YOUR DICK
0338 421 141

I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0338 421 120

THROB IN MY MOUTH
0338 421 134

PART MY LIPS AND INSERT
0338 421 136

I USE MY DILDO IN EVERY HOLE
0338 421 140

WORSHIP MY STILETTOS
0338 421 138

MATRON ADMINISTERS MEDICAL
0338 421 153

FORUM PO BOX 1823 N18. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times

THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

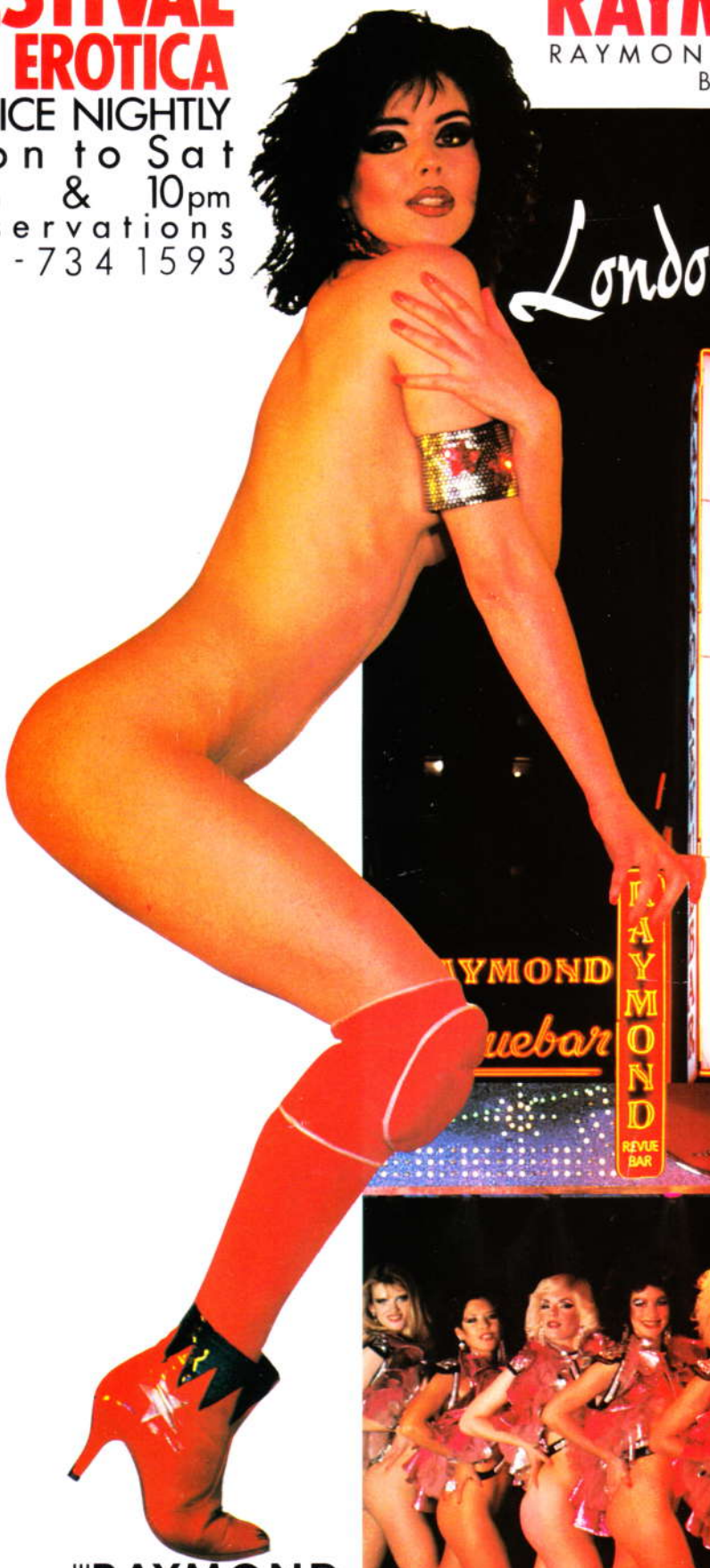
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